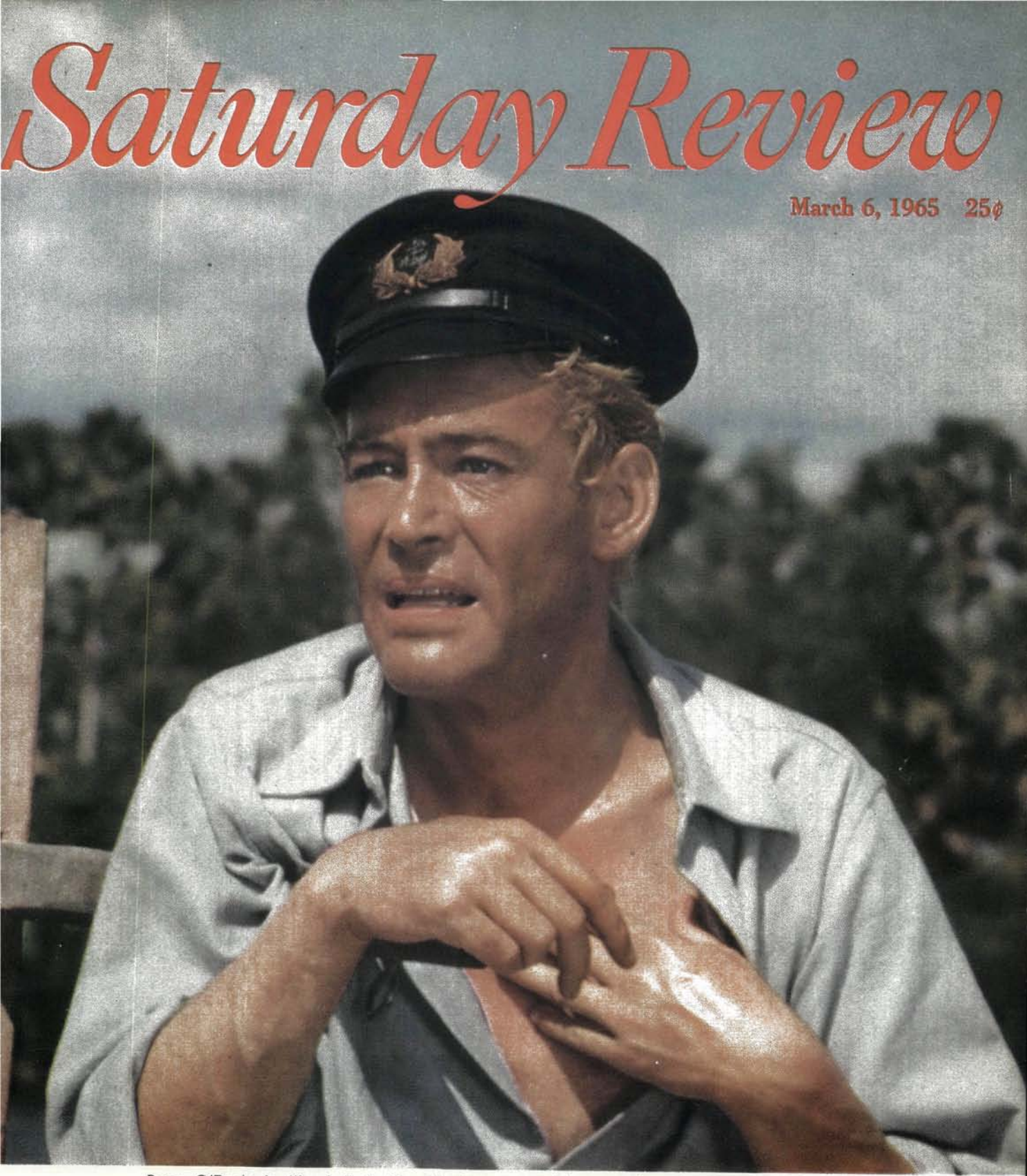
Saturday Review

March 6, 1965 25¢



Peter O'Toole in "Lord Jim" (See Movies—a special report from London by Hollis Alpert)

SR/RESEARCH
SCIENCE & HUMANITY

WHAT DOGS TELL US ABOUT MAN'S FUTURE

By John Paul Scott and John L. Fuller

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LEADING CONTENDERS

National Book Awards

The decisions of the judges for the 1965 National Book Awards will be announced in March. Meanwhile, these are among the books by American authors published in the United States during 1964 which the judges regard as among the most distinguished:

FICTION

LOUIS AUCHINCLOSS: The Rector of Justin (Houghton Mifflin)
SAUL BELLOW: Herzog (Viking)
JOHN HAWKES: Second Skin (New Directions)
RICHARD E. KIM: The Martyred (Braziller)
WALLACE MARKFIELD: To An Early Grave (Simon & Schuster)
VLADIMIR NABOKOV: The Defense (Putnam)
ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER: Short Friday (Farrar, Straus)
Judges: Richard Gilman, R. W. B. Lewis, Bernard Malamud

POETRY

BEN BELITT: The Enemy Joy (University of Chicago)
JOHN BERRYMAN: 77 Dream Songs (Farrar, Straus)
JAMES DICKEY: Helmets (Wesleyan University)
JEAN GARRIGUE: Country Without Maps (Macmillan)
GALWAY KINNELL: Flower Herding on Mount Monadnock (Houghton Mifflin)
ROBERT LOWELL: For the Union Dead (Farrar, Straus)
WILLIAM MEREDITH: The Wreck of the Thresher (Knopf)
THEODORE ROETHKE: The Far Field (Doubleday)
Judges: Howard Moss, May Swenson, Allen Tate

ARTS AND LETTERS

ERIC BENTLEY: Life of the Drama (Atheneum)
ROBERT BRUSTEIN: The Theatre of Revolt (Atlantic Monthly Press)
ELEANOR CLARK: Oysters of Locmariaquer (Pantheon)
EDWARD DAHLBERG: Because I Was Flesh (New Directions)
RALPH ELLISON: Shadow and Act (Random House)
HOWARD MUMFORD JONES: O Strange New World (Viking)
Judges: Frederick Burkhardt, Richard Ellmann, Francis Steegmuller

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

LOUIS FISCHER: The Life of Lenin (Harper & Row)
OSCAR LEWIS: Pedro Martinez (Random House)
R. R. PALMER: The Age of Democratic Revolution (Princeton University)
WILLIE LEE ROSE: Rehearsal for Reconstruction (Bobbs-Merrill)
ERNEST SAMUELS: Henry Adams (Belknap Press-Harvard)
RICHARD J. WHALEN: The Founding Father (New American Library)
Judges: Roger Butterfield, Alpheus Thomas Mason, Andrew Turnbull

SCIENCE, PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION

REV. WALTER CISZEK: With God in Russia (McGraw-Hill)
THEODOSIUS DOBZHANSKY: Heredity and the Nature of Man (Harcourt, Brace)
DAVID HAWKINS: The Language of Nature (W. H. Freeman & Co.)
REV. JOHN COURTNEY MURRAY: The Problem of God (Yale University)
WALTER SULLIVAN: We Are Not Alone (McGraw-Hill)
NORBERT WIENER: God and Golem, inc. (M.I.T. Press)
Judges: Rev. Harold C. Gardiner, Gerard Piel, Morton White

The National Book Awards are administered by the National Book Committee, a non-profit educational association. The awards consist of five $1,000 prizes donated by the American Book Publishers Council, the American Booksellers Association, and the Book Manufacturers' Institute.

Watch for announcement of the winners — Tuesday, March 9

Saturday Review

March 6, 1965

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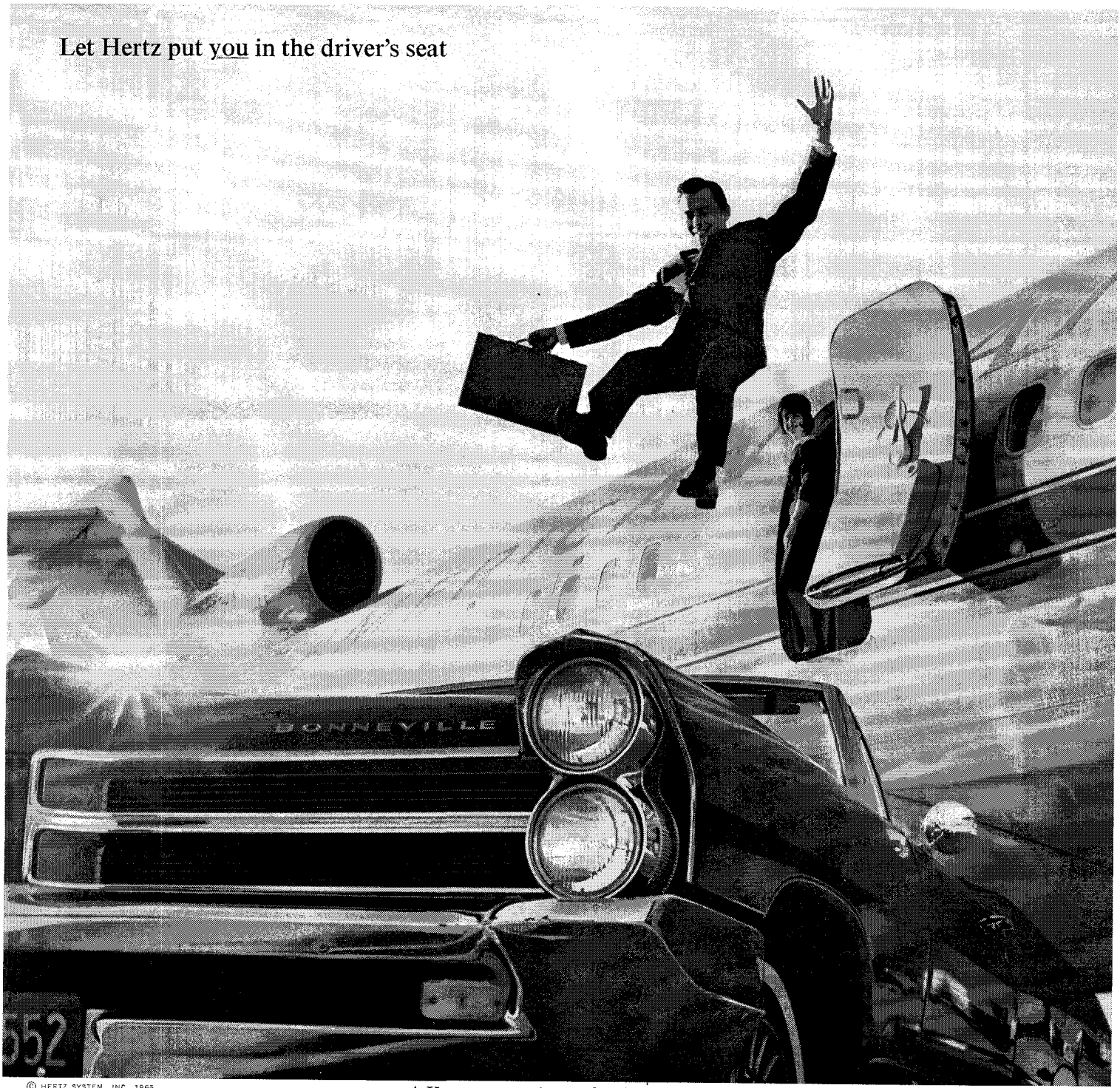

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Hertz guide for businessmen who are up in the air about rent-a-car

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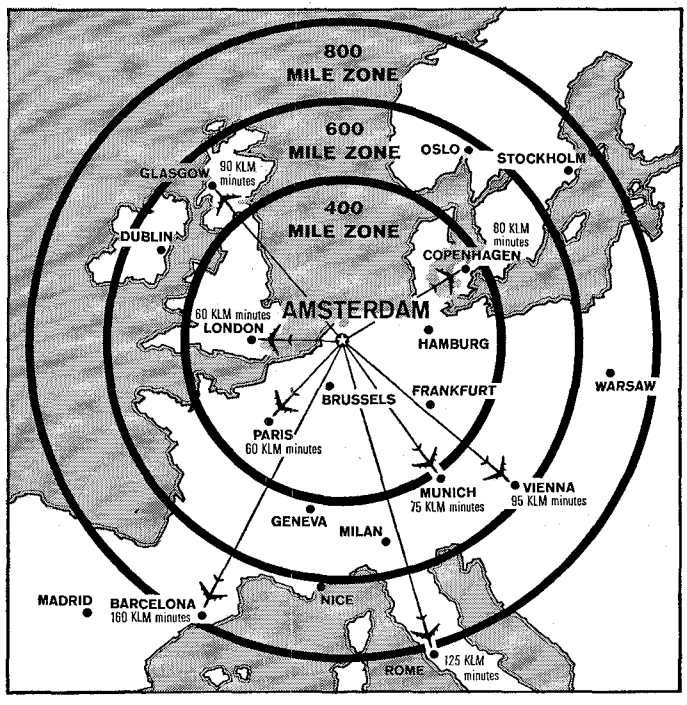

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You can marvel at dozens of masterpieces—for 15 cents. Amsterdam has 40 museums. The Rijksmuseum alone owns 3,000 paintings—including the famous "Night Watch" (above), the world's largest and most valuable canvas by Rembrandt.

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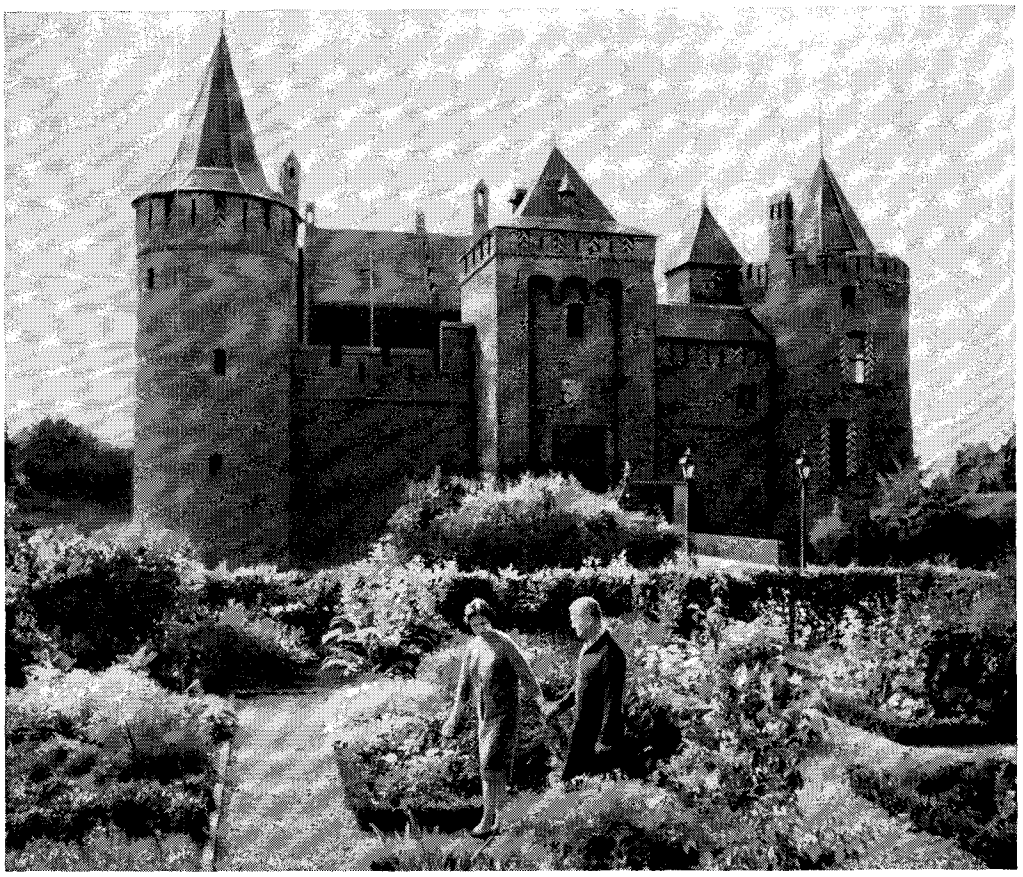
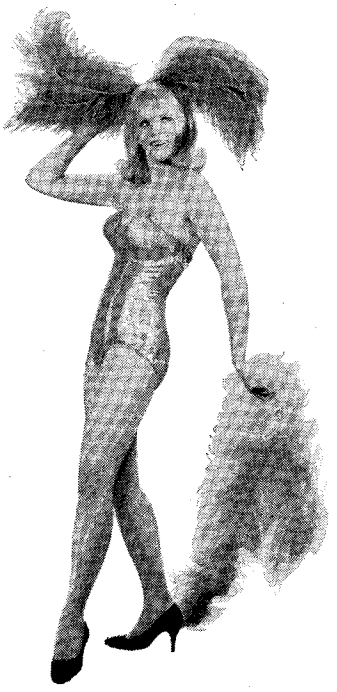
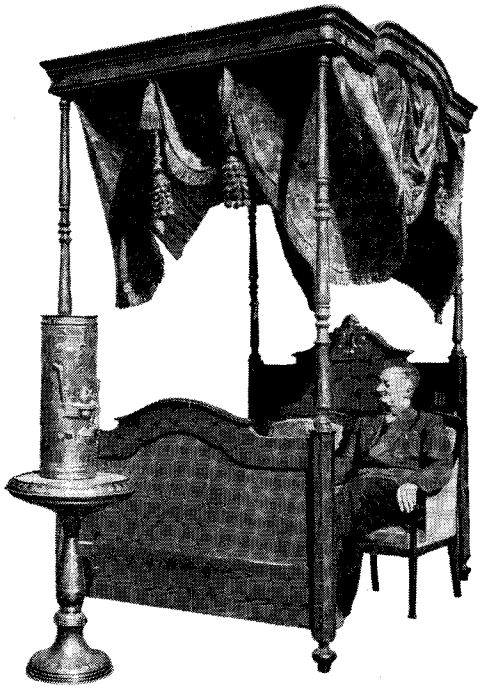


You can explore a 10th century castle for 7 cents. You'll find a dozen ancient castles within 40 miles of Amsterdam. At Muiden (above), it will cost you 7 cents to tour the castle and visit the bedroom where Count Floris V was murdered. Nothing to worry about—it happened almost 700 years ago.



You can frolic half the night for less than $5. A rollicking "night on the town" is one of Amsterdam's best adventures. The city's 45 nightclubs really *swing*. Jenever gin is 25 cents a glass. Ecdysiasts, like the one above, perform into the wee hours.



You can rummage through the Flea Market for amazing bargains. Every day, dealers set up shop right on the pavement (see antique four-poster above). You may discover a "lost" masterpiece, an 18th century map, or a medieval wood carving. Surprising "finds" *do* turn up—and they sell for a song.

You can take a daring spin for 56 cents. Rent a car in Amsterdam and drive to Zandvoort (15 miles). For a 56-cent track fee, you can zoom around Holland's finest speedway. Fair warning: some of the turns may stand your hair on end.

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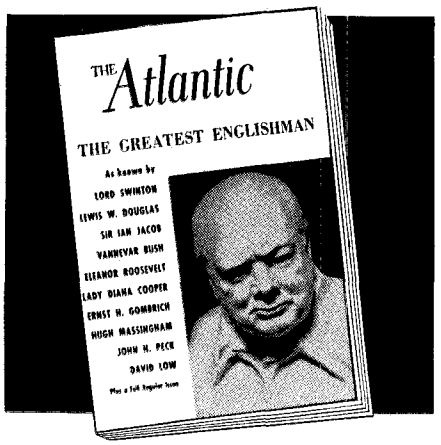

THE GREATEST ENGLISHMAN

In the March *Atlantic*, 10 brilliant articles reveal the great man as a politician, family man, strategist, compassionate human being, conservative, liberal, difficult house guest, world leader, painter, his nation's inner strength—as seen by those who knew him intimately:

- LADY DIANA COOPER
- DAVID LOW
- ELEANOR ROOSEVELT
- JOHN H. PECK
- SIR IAN JACOB
- ERNST H. GOMBRICH
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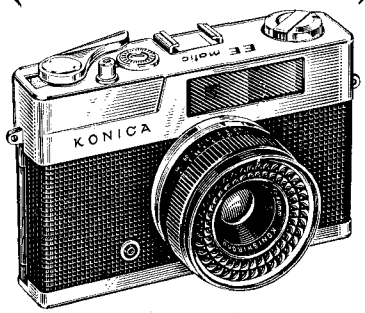

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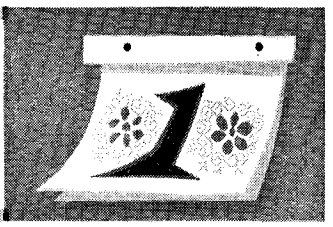
First of the Month



By CLEVELAND AMORY

FEBRUARY was the month when we not only had Lady Bird and Lynda Bird but also, courtesy of Victor Borge, "Gentleman Bird." And it was, generally speaking, a hard month for LBJ. First we couldn't criticize him because of the assassination and the fact that we didn't have anybody else. Then we couldn't criticize him because he was doing his best and anyway there still wasn't anybody else. Then, during the campaign, when we finally did have somebody else, we *still* couldn't criticize him *because* of that somebody else. And finally, after the election, we couldn't criticize him because he was against disease and poverty and *for* education and motherhood.

• • •

The Churchill funeral, however, changed it all overnight—or, rather, the "executive flu" changed it. The way we see it, McNamara gave it to the President, the President gave it to Dean Rusk, Dean Rusk gave it to Douglas Dillon, Douglas Dillon gave it to Hubert Humphrey, and Hubert Humphrey gave it, for heaven's sake, to Luci Baines. Senator Monroney had a cold, Senator Russell had a cold, Senator Kuchel had a cold, and then Senator Keating came down with a cold—and he wasn't even a Senator any more. But the one who took the cake was Texas Congressman Wright Patman. He proudly announced he had a cold "just like the President's." Frankly, we were surprised he admitted it; we didn't think there was that much to be proud of. We were over in Europe during the month and over there, we assure you, they're convinced we're either the most ungracious nation in the world or else the most susceptible to colds.

• • •

The quote of the month came from Senator Norris Cotton of New Hampshire, who buoyed up the Portsmouth Navy Yard (beginning a ten-year McNamara "phase-out") with the remarkable remark that "The one hopeful sign for the yard's future is the steadily worsening world situation." Second only to that, we liked the Spear & Staff Wall Street letter. "This market," they said, "has learned to live with war jitters and we believe that it will live through the current Vietnam crisis. If and when the fundamentals affecting earnings take a pronounced turn for the worse there may be something to worry about. Pending that, we would regard the recent alarming sell-off as no more than a palpitation of a basically healthy market beat."

• • •

As if this weren't enough, that old motivator himself, Dr. Ernest Dichter, came up in his own newsletter with a forecast of our Madison Avenue future. "Advertisers," he said, "will discuss the sexual implications of their products with less restraint and more freedom." And he showed exactly what he meant. "Toothpaste manufacturers, for example," he said, "will show not only beautiful teeth but also that they can be used to bite, to express passion." About all we can add to that, Dr. Dichter, is you be frank and we'll be earnest.

• • •

Out in California a Los Angeles artist, Mary Beich, "discovered," an article said, "that local psychiatrists were snapping up her paintings of children pulling cats' tails, washing the cat in a salad bowl, and generally misbehaving." And, as if this were not enough, the article proceeded, "the doctors were using the pictures in their waiting rooms on the theory that children usually misbehave and the mere sight of other children acting," as they put it, " 'asocially,' is soothing and relieves their guilt feelings."

Well, so be it. We'll certainly do our part to spread the gospel. Never let it be said that we didn't put our shoulders to the wheel when it came to help building the Great Asociety.

Suppose, for example, you have a boy who is, well, fond of not making too sharp a distinction between what is his and what is somebody else's. Do you criticize him? Perish the thought! Pat him on the back. Point out to him that some of our most famous Americans started that way. And in his room, as a special reward, hang a beautiful framed picture of—well, let him choose—John Dillinger or the Brinks Boys.

On the other hand, suppose it's your little girl who is giving you trouble. She doesn't like her mother, it seems. She would prefer, it is apparent, another mother—maybe she has even gone so far as to suggest, with a bobby pin or some other handy weapon, that her own mother might be dispatched immediately. Again, no harsh words, please. A compliment is in order. The girl is just

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We're looking for people who want to train for executive jobs paying $10,000 to $35,000 per year!

Send for FREE Executive Success Test and discover how you can qualify for today's big management opportunities . . . in marketing, accounting, sales, manufacturing, insurance, finance, banking and government administration.

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Sample the Program for 15 days No obligation to continue

With the test you'll be given the opportunity to sample the first part of the Institute's training program. You'll receive training materials to sample for 15 days without obligation to continue.

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But if you do want to follow this shortcut to success, you may enroll at the low tuition plan indicated on the coupon. Mail it today to Britannica Institute for Executive Development, a division of Encyclopaedia Britannica, Dept. 605, P.O. Box 6739, Chicago, Illinois 60680.

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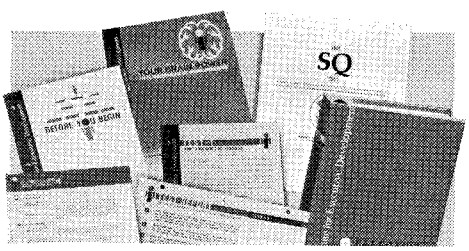

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Please send me self-scoring Executive Success Test. Also enroll me on a provisional basis that permits me to sample the program for 15 days with no obligation to continue, unless I wish.

And please forward materials for the first part of my training. At the end of 15 days, I will either return the materials and owe nothing, or you may enroll me as a regular student and bill me according to the economical tuition plan shown below.

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Signed_____

Name_____ Age_____
(please print)

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Position_____

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doing what comes naturally. And for her room, another picture. Lizzie Borden, who else?

Of course, for really bad misbehavers, for the teen-agers who go around beating each other up and bullying and being brutal, why, for these, sterner measures are obviously called for. No *one* picture will answer this problem. Here you need lots of pictures. And where do you get them? Why, *television*, of course. Television is the perfect answer. Thousands of pictures. And the perfect film? Well, for a suggestion, how about that one that Senator Dodd's investigating committee came up with? An episode of *The Virginian*, it was—a show with a nice "family" audience of some 10,000,000 people. On one episode, in one evening, the investigating committee clocked thirteen killings—nine by shooting, two by knives and gun butts—plus five additional fights and three assaults.

That was a grand one, wasn't it? We wouldn't want those Los Angeles child psychiatrists to miss that one. They can look it up easily. It was shown on Christmas night, 1963. No guilt feelings, now.

• • •

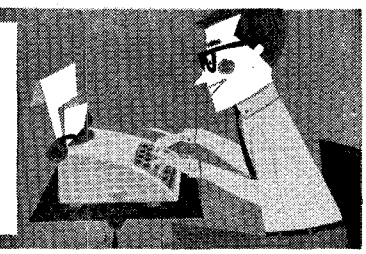
Finally, this month, we don't intend to give you any wishy-washy claptrap chitchat hocus-pocus. There'll be no fuddy-duddy harum-scarum namby-pamby hanky-panky. Willy-nilly, we don't intend to shilly-shally.

Okey doke? Well, the fact is a friend of ours, Mr. Winthrop Wadleigh by name, of Manchester, New Hampshire, has come up with a brand-new angle to our slanguage revolution. Mr. Wadleigh, it seems, is knee-deep in double trouble and he isn't at all sure whether we're all nitwits or whether we've come up with a real flavor saver.

Mr. Wadleigh realizes that from yesterday's relatively rare hugger-mugger of the hinky-dinky parlez-vous and the fuzzy-wuzzy and even the hillbilly—not to mention the hootchie-kootchie and your very own tootsie-wootsie—we have backtracked a long way to today's heyday of the honky-tonk, the boogie-woogie, and the boob tube.

But, is it, he asks, a hubbub over a lot of mumbo-jumbo or are we so concerned with our flimflam knickknacks that we're turning our language into a helter-skelter mishmash of a hodge-podge? Well, Mr. Wadleigh, oddly, isn't sure. But he does know it isn't just a matter for the humdrum rag-tag riffraff of the hoi-polloi to hobnob with. It's a ring-ding true-blue super-duper wheeler-dealer of a hi-fi bigwig hoity-toity problem. And, he feels, in this hurly-burly of our topsy-turvy modern world, we'd better have the know-how not to kowtow or, in the end, he believes, we may well be chock-a-block with a killer-diller case of the heebie-jeebies.

Top of My Head



Money Over Miami

I'VE JUST RETURNED from doing two weeks in one of those opulent Miami Beach hotels—best described some time ago as a hotel where if you accidentally drop a quarter in the lobby and a bellboy picks it up and hands it to you, you tip him a dollar.

This is a place where money flows like orange juice and whisky flows like water—with the wide Atlantic as a chaser. It's the home of the jet set. And when the fast plane sets the typical vacationist down at the airport he checks his thinking apparatus and heads for fun in the sun. It's goodbye to DeGaulle, to Sukarno, to Harold Wilson, to Chou En-lai, to Brezhnev, to Martin Luther King, to Nixon, to Vietnam, North and South, to Robert Moses.

After one day on the beach he comes excitedly down to the cabana area and shouts:

"Did you hear the news on the radio this morning?"

"No. What happened?"

"It's snowing in New York."

His first day is spent greeting last year's guests who have preceded him and after a week in the sun are now as black as the ten of diamonds. The following greeting is the same ritual year after year.

"Well!" says a friend looking up at him from oil-dimmed eyes, "the season has officially opened. When did you get here?"

"This morning."

"How was the trip?"

"Fine."

"How long you staying?"

"A month."

"Don't take too much sun the first day."

"You don't have to tell me. I know all about that."

The next day he sits in the shade of his cabana slathered in a thick coat of Noxema. But a second-degree burn is not going to detract from his fun in the sun. He's going to have lunch out of doors, an especially delightful treat when you remember it's snowing in New York.

He sees several waiters hovering around and starts to order. But the waiter explains he'll have to order from one of the captains. He calls over a captain and orders a bacon and tomato sandwich on light rye toast—bacon must be crisp. The waiter brings it. Now he decides he'd like a bottle of No-Cal soda—cherry. The waiter points to the captain. The captain writes it down and hands the waiter the slip. The waiter brings the soda.

The captain returns and asks, "Is the toast like you like it?" It is. "Is the bacon crisp like you like it?" It is. Now, as he tries to enjoy his lunch, he worries about which of the two he'll have to tip. The captain left the impression he had been over a hot stove preparing the sandwich personally. But it was the waiter who brought and set the table and then had to go downstairs to the wine cellar for the No-Cal. He decides to tip both. Between the captain and the waiter and fifty-two cents for a bottle of No-Cal, even if it was a good vintage, he signs his name to a ridiculously high check. But it's snowing in New York.

"It's only money" is the talk down here. To which can be added "Only big money." In the Miami *Herald* we read the story of the invitation to Jackie Gleason to come back next season and do his shows from Miami as he did the past year. The story said that the cost to the city of Miami this year was $268,000—the difference between doing the show in Miami and in New York. On the same page, incidentally, is another story. The Homestead Air Force Base near Miami had requisitioned the Government Accounting Office on December 11, 1963, for four pairs of matching generator brushes at a cost of $3 a pair. The requisition was erroneously submitted for the entire assembly and then duplicated the next day. This resulted in shipments on December 17 and 19 of sixteen motor generators worth $38,192.

Meanwhile, back at the cabana, our sunburned vacationist notices that the sky has become overcast.

"How about that!" he says to his friend. "The paper said it would be sunny all day."

"Well," says the friend, "they're not able to procrastinate the weather like they used to."

So they settle down to make the best of it.

"How are things in Cleveland?" our man asks.

"Not so good. Business is way off."

"Business is off? President Johnson says business is great."

"Yeh? Well he's got a better location."

But it's snowing in New York.

—GOODMAN ACE.

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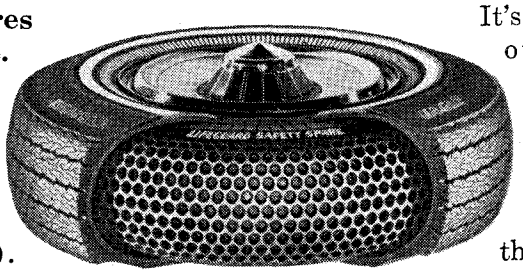
When there's no man around...Goodyear should be.

She'll never have to change tires with LifeGuard Safety Spare. You would help her if you were there. But you're not. That is why every woman should drive on Goodyear Double Eagle tires with LifeGuard Safety Spares (optional, to give her *extra* safety).



It's a "tire-within-a-tire," so if the outside tire is ever damaged, the LifeGuard Safety Spare takes over, lets her keep driving until she is safe. Good tires are especially important when there's no man around. And that is when Goodyear should be.

Double Eagle, LifeGuard—T.M.'s
The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

GO GO GOODYEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

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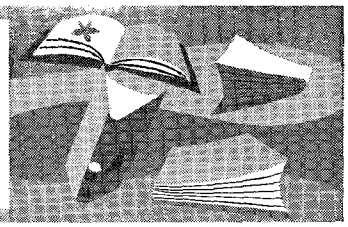
Trade Winds



There is little question that *SR* readers are a lynx-eyed lot. Take Sidney Jackson of Newark, for instance. While driving along Route 101, just north of San Francisco, he noticed this sign: "This Temporary Opening Permanently Closed."

Or Joan Parlin, also of New Jersey. She spotted this headline in an adver-

tisement for Franklin-Simon: "The Young Individualist Has the 'With It' Look."

Or Ellen Taylor, of Los Angeles. She came across this item in the UCLA *Daily Bruin:* "A special benefit dress rehearsal of Pirandello's *Naked* will be presented. . . ."

Or R. H. Meyerhans, of Long Island. While leafing through the *New York Times* he was startled by this headline: "3.24-Foot Ski Jump by Engan a Record."

Or Mrs. William Apking, of Alexandria, Nebraska. She caught this advertisement in her local paper: "Enjoy the English Club Atmosphere of Shaky's Pizza Parlor."

Or Dr. and Mrs. Loeb, of New London, Connecticut. They found this bit of intelligence in the New London *Day:* "Too often parents transfer to their children their own concern about height. A secure and happy child adjusts more easily if he is unusually tall or unusually short. . . ."

Or Richard Nagy, of Bloomfield, New Jersey. He was intrigued by an advertisement in the *New York Times* for a Puerto Rican tour that included the notation: "Also Available: Share-a-Room Plan for Single Men and Women."

Or Moe Lande, of New York. He stumbled on this item in a local paper: "*College Typin Step by Step* has just been published by a Far Rockaway resident. . . ."

Or Eloise Faddis, of Fayetteville, Arkansas. She was jolted by this road sign at a nearby cemetery: "Inter Here."

Or Don Fitzwater, of Scarsdale, New York. He was a little taken aback by the address of the Carte Blanche Credit Card Death Benefit Insurance Plan: Terminal Annex, Los Angeles.

Or Richard Lederer, another Scarsdale resident, who saw this sign in front of the Holiday Inn in Indianapolis: "Attend Church of Your Choice—Smorgasbord Today."

Or Marion Crosby, of Walton, Indiana. In her local paper, a list of hospital patients came under two headings: "Admissions" and "Discussed."

Or Mrs. Lee Yudin, of Philadelphia. She was rather puzzled by a movie listing in the *Bulletin* that read: "If you are old enough to be married, you must see it. If you are not old enough to be married you cannot see it. Children under 12 free."

Or Evelyn Levitan, of the Bronx. She raised an eyebrow at a story in the *World-Telegram* that included this paragraph: "The city-versus-suburbs question was discussed over a bridge table one day recently by mothers whose children are grown at the hillside home of Mrs. Hans Kreigeskotte. . . ."

Or Katharine Darling, of Floral Park, New York. She sends us a notice from her local library that reads: "Let's celebrate and honor our new library by selling cookbooks! Friends welcome them as girthday gifts. . . ."

Or Helen Rickabaugh, of Lakeport, California, who became a fan of phonetic spelling after seeing this notice on a community bulletin board: "Will do arnen en my own home at Lakeside Traller park."

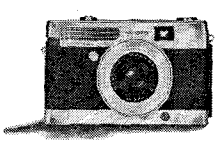
Or Kenneth Gompertz, who reports

that there is a shop on one of Glasgow's main streets called Ziederbaum's Tartans.

Or Sue Ball, of Geneseo, New York. She sends this from the Rochester *Times-Union:* "Composer Aaron Copland will be guest conductor Thursday night at 8:15 with his newest phony, 'Music for a Great City.' . . ."

Or Mrs. Robert Russell, of Greene, New York. She writes that she saw an advertisement in the classified section

MINOLTA SHRUNK THE 35MM CAMERA



(without shrinking the pictures you get)

Minoltina P by Minolta

Until now, you had to settle for undersize slides to get the convenience of a small, lightweight camera. No more! The new Minoltina P is so slim and compact it hides in your pocket . . . weighs a scant 15½ ounces. Yet it takes the same full-size 35mm slides . . . uses the exact same 35mm film . . . as cameras twice its size and weight. The Minoltina P includes features not found on *any* other camera, regardless of size or weight. An exclusive "Auto-View" window shows, at a glance, when exposure *and* focus are perfect. The "Auto-View" electric eye system won't let you make a mistake . . . every slide or picture is as real as life. For razor-edge sharpness, a precision-ground wide angle Rokkor lens is included as standard equipment. Other expensive-camera extras include single-stroke film advance, double exposure prevention, auto re-set frame counter . . . just to name a few. Try the new Minoltina P today; under $60, plus case, at your photo dealer. Other quality Minolta cameras from under $27. For details, write Minolta Corp., 200 Park Ave. S., N.Y., N.Y. 10003, Dept. F3.

Minolta: the name quality made famous

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of the Chenango *American* reading: "Old woman wanted as companion for elderly lady."

Or Norman Slick, of Orange, California. He forwards an item from the police blotter as listed in the Orange *Daily News:* "11:40 AM—Disturbance of the peace reported on Donnybrook."

When Doug Andrews, who handles publicity for Doubleday, began mulling over the firm's upcoming spy novel, *It Can't Always Be Caviar,* by Johannes Simmel, the first spy story ever to incorporate recipes for delectable food, he

hit upon the idea of soliciting dishes appropriate for spy stories from the editorial staff.

Among the delicacies offered were: Cop Suey, Murderer's Roe, Borscht Karloff, Thicken Plot Pie, Just Desserts, Who-Do-Nuts, Drown N' Serve Rolls, Roast Turnkey, Cole Slaughter, Double Cross Buns, Branded Muffins with Wince Jelly, Monster Cheese, High Scream Soda, Hot Battered Biscuits, Eggs Benzedrine, Scrambled Yeggs, Poisonberry Pie, Crime de Menthe, Oysters on the Half Skull, Stole House Cookies, Arty Chokes, Safe Crackers with Cheese, Broiled Live Mobster, Mint's Spy, Chicken Croakettes, Hangman's Mousse, and Rabbit's Punch.

As a brimming glass of bicarbonate of soda to correct any literary indigestion from the above menu, we offer an uncertified story from reader Jeffrey Levy, of East Meadow, New York, who claims that a man who worked as a human cannonball told the circus manager that he was about to retire after years of service in his job.

The manager wouldn't hear of it. "You *can't* retire, dammit," he said. "Where else could I find a man of your caliber?"

—JOHN G. FULLER.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1612)

(JACQUELINE) SUSANN:

EVERY NIGHT, JOSEPHINE!

She also said it was very nice that we thought we were Mommy and Daddy to the poodle. But did the poodle think we were Mommy and Daddy, or just two excellent servants who were created for no other purpose than to feed her and attend to her every desire?

When you mix with CINZANO you mix with the best!

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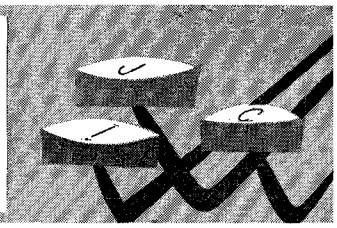
Manner of Speaking



Banned in Boston: I was in Boston not long ago and there at 10 A.M. in room 314 of the Suffolk County Court House, Judge Eugene A. Hudson of the Superior Court presiding, was heard the case of *Edward W. Brooke, Attorney General v. A Book Named "Naked Lunch,"* Edward de Grazia acting as defense attorney and Assistant Attorney General William Cowin representing the state. The proceeding was *in rem*, which is to say against the book itself rather than against the publisher, or a publisher's agent, or a bookseller, or a book buyer who might conceivably have been sent to jail in the course of testing the legality of the book; and certainly the *in rem* proceeding is an enlightened one in such cases.

With no particular enlightenment, I was there as a legally designated expert witness presented by the defense. The other writers presented as experts were Norman Mailer and Allen Ginsberg. And the other witnesses made up a constellation that included college professors of English, sociology, and religion, along with two practicing psychiatrists. I was inclined to take such a cross section of learned opinion as a normal sampling, but was told by Mr. De Grazia that the case established a precedent in offering such a range of witnesses whose expertise was not primarily in literature.

I was naturally eager, therefore, to hear the evidence of such a group though I had an unbreakable appointment in New York and would have to catch an afternoon air shuttle back to confusion. In my innocence, I still hoped to hear most of the testimony, only to learn at once that the law does indeed grind slowly. It took a seemingly endless time to introduce a copy of the book in evidence as Exhibit One, followed by a list of reviews and articles marked as Exhibit Two, followed by the articles and reviews themselves marked as exhibits in numerical order, Mr. Cowin for the Attorney General making it clear in each case that he did not dispute the authenticity of the documents but objected to them as hearsay, Mr. De Grazia for the defense contending that they were relevant evaluations by recognized critics, and Judge Hudson permitting them to be entered in evidence while taking note of the Attorney General's exception.

Because I had one eye on the clock, I was finally put on as the first witness for the defense, and as soon as I had finished being expert Judge Hudson announced the morning recess, though it was nearly noon. Two witnesses later, we were at the noon recess. And two witnesses after that used up all the time I had. My impressions are fragmentary, therefore, but they remain firm.

If only by the obvious failures of justice, I had managed, by and large, to stay out of court before that morning. I do not know, therefore, how it goes in the normal grinding of the law. What struck me in this case was the aura of intelligence surrounding the proceedings. Judge, lawyers, and witnesses alike released torrents of reason down the sides of one unerodable molehill, and heaven knows to what purpose. As heaven knows how long the case will grind on through its mass of documents. And let me doubt that even heaven knows how many such cases are cluttering the nation's dockets.

HAVING read of any number of such cases, I am convinced that every book trial is the same case over again, and that it must be. Precedents now firmly established make it as nearly inevitable as law can be that any book defended long enough to a high-enough court, which is to say expensively enough, will finally be cleared. It follows, with negligible exceptions, that a book can be banned only by exhaustion of the defendant's resources.

The weapon of the public prosecutor is not justice but harassment. The trial of John O'Hara's *Ten North Frederick* in Wayne County, Michigan, is an appalling instance. The book's publishers finally won their case (spending, as I was unofficially informed, over $20,000 to do so), only to have the same charges brought in the next county. Where, then, is the line between prosecution and persecution? Must a publisher defend his book county by county across the nation? The fact is that publishers are normally called upon to face the same charges over and over again, on the same misinterpretation of the law.

For the prosecutor has no choice but to misinterpret the law. It is now firm legal principle that no detail of a book can in itself justify suppression if the work displays the least redeeming social importance in its total intent. But how can a prosecutor ask professionally weighted questions about total intent? He is forced to cite specific passages on specific pages. He must then ask if the witness does not find the passage obscene, or sexually provocative, or blasphemous, or offensive to some undefined community standard. The defense witness will invariably reply that the particular passage is essential to the artistic integrity of the book and to the author's total serious intent, and the prosecutor is forced to drop that detail and move on to another with the same results. Then, after hours and days of this sort of thing, the judge retires with his five-foot shelf of papers, his mind probably already made up, but the gestures to be gone through—with the legal racing form laying odds on the prosecution in the lower courts and on the defense in the higher courts. So, and without exception, the charges against the book will be brought at public expense, and over and over again the publisher and author must defend the book out of private resources. Justice is not denied them, but they are forced to buy it at an exorbitant price.

There is, additionally, the question of how any given public prosecutor gets the notion of bringing charges against a given book. It would be absurd to assume that he maintains a staff of critics. The clear fact is that such prosecutions are suggested to him by private agencies. Those agencies, in almost every case, turn out to be church groups.

The church groups, to be sure, are acting on sincerely held moral principles, but it may yet be asked if they are acting in a scrupulously moral way. The publisher certainly has substantial reason to feel that he is being abused at law by the subterfuge of having a church-instigated action brought as if it had originated with the public prosecutor.

For were the action brought in the name of the church group, the publisher could file a countersuit for costs and damages with every expectation of winning it. Such an open avowal of responsibility would, of course, involve the church group in certain risk if not in sure financial loss. Simple prudence, therefore, would counsel against such an avowal. But against the weight of prudence, let me dare place in the balance the feather of moral principle: that wisp, and no more. Yet, if moral ardor is still relevant to church teaching, that wisp is fallen from an angel wing whose lightest stir was once dreamed to be a gale to blow out hypocrisy.

This side of angels, I must still declare there is some hypocrisy in the action of any church group that will not stand openly responsible for its own convictions, but hides behind a church member who happens to be a public prosecutor, persuading him to bring—at public expense and with no possibility of redress for the defendant—an action that has small hope of withstanding the full test of law, but that can yet force the defendant to pay exorbitantly for what is rightly his. —JOHN CIARDI.

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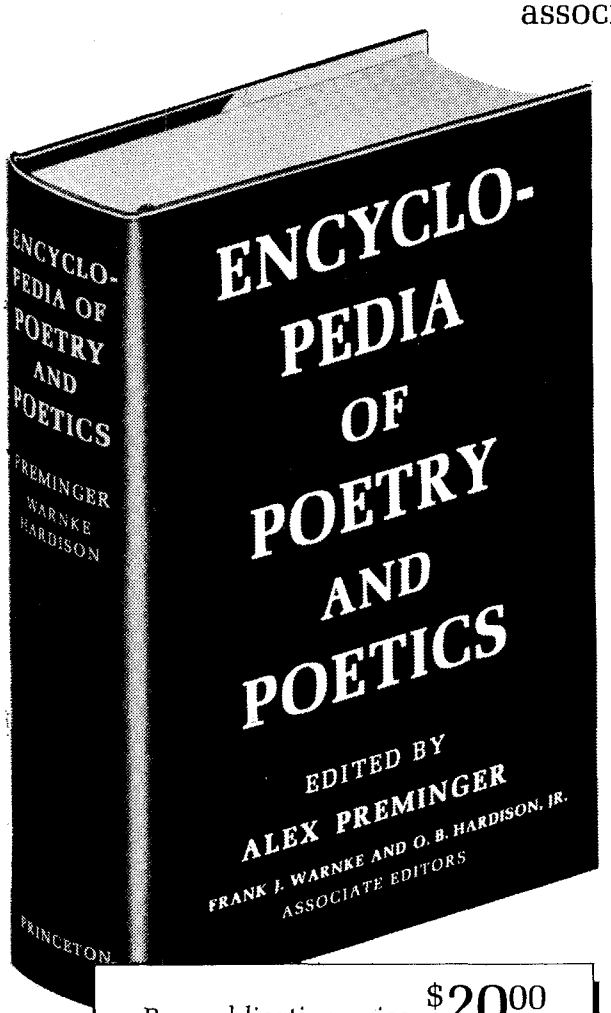

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—*Wide World.*

Moslems fleeing Hindu India in 1947—after nearly two decades, still no resolution.

Kashmir: Dilemma of a People Adrift

By ARTHUR BERNON TOURTELLOT

FROM RAWALPINDI, temporary capital of the Islamic Republic of Pakistan, the road providing the only year-round access to the divided land of Jammu and Kashmir climbs from the broad Potwar plateau high up into the western flank of the Himalayas. Winding precariously around the sides of mountain peaks so numerous that they have no individual names, the road is always dramatic as, one after another, vistas of bold, incredible beauty open up at almost every turn. For, of the world's twenty-two peaks exceeding 25,500 feet, seven are within the former princely state of Kashmir.

But the road to Kashmir is also hazardous in the extreme. To the natives of the region, who love to crowd onto tiny buses to go from village to village, it is known and feared as a death trap. In a two-week period just before I rode over it recently, more than sixty people had lost their lives as the light buses plunged off the edge of the narrow shelf of a roadway and down the mountainsides. The drivers take a fierce pride in their craft and sometimes, seeking to better the twenty miles an hour they can average on the road, take wild chances.

The buses, when they make it, run between Rawalpindi, once the great British military cantonment for policing the embattled Northwest Frontier of India, and the former hill station, Murree, thirty-nine miles in distance and 8,000 feet in altitude away. Beyond Murree, few except military vehicles continue on down to the boulder-strewn valley of the Jhelum for the slow climb upward on the east side to the remote, lonely little city of Muzaffarabad, capital of the Azad (free) government of Jammu and Kashmir, which is that part of Kashmir—approximately one fourth of its total area of 83,000 square miles—not occupied by the Indian army.

My purpose in visiting Muzaffarabad was to talk with the President of the Azad government. I had gone to India and to West and East Pakistan for the purpose of studying at first hand constitutionalism on the vast subcontinent—which, to any historian or political scientist, is the crucible of government by law in this turbulent century. But towering realities have a habit of getting in the way of political processes in countries of huge populations, low literacy, and oppressive economics. And everywhere I went, with everyone I talked, in both India and Pakistan, the permeating reality was the Kashmir dispute. In India, the hungry were throwing stones through the windows of police stations, as the most accessible seats of civil authority, and the devastating floodwaters on the great river plains had not yet receded. But government officials, journalists, and educators seemed not nearly as concerned with these matters as with

Arthur Bernon Tourtellot is a historian who visited the areas he discusses here while gathering material for a book on constitutionalism in the emerging nations.

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consolidating Kashmir as a part of India. And in Pakistan, in the midst of the first presidential election campaign in its history—and one testing an electoral and constitutional system that, if it worked, might possibly serve as a model for emerging nations weary of parliamentary instability everywhere—the fate of the 4,000,000 Kashmiri was equally the center of attention.

I decided to go to Muzaffarabad to find out the situation of the Kashmiri themselves. Arriving there on a Sunday afternoon as the sun was beginning to sink behind the mountains, I was taken to bungalow lodgings built to house the United Nations commission that, seventeen years ago, came to mediate the localized war between the twin infant democracies of Pakistan and India over the unilateral ceding of the Moslem state of Kashmir by its last Maharajah, a Hindu, to India. The cession was made as a condition of the Maharajah's receiving Indian military aid to put down an insurrection of his subjects against his clan's wholesale extermination of Moslem natives. The unifying power of Islam is strong and impassioned, and soon the Moslem tribesmen of the Pakistani Northwest Frontier invaded Kashmir to help the insurgents.

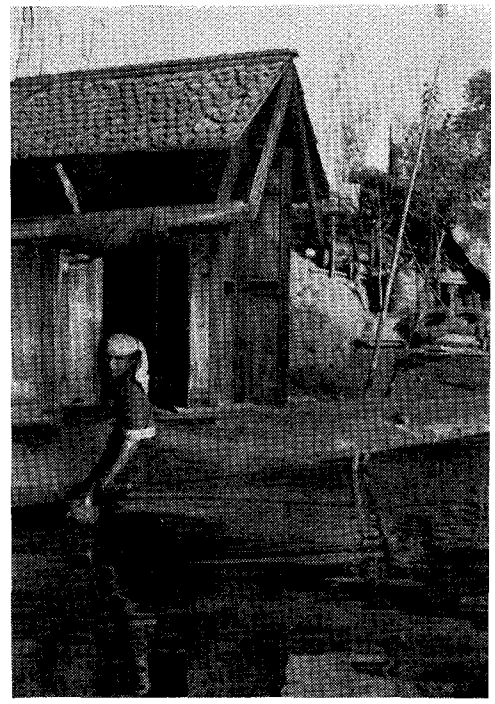
The Azad Kashmiri, with the aid of the tribesmen, were fighting a persistent but unavailing battle against a far more powerful Indian army and air force, when both India and Pakistan brought charges before the United Nations in January 1948. India charged Pakistan with aiding the invading and often wildly plunderous tribesmen. Pakistan charged India with the fraudulent, coercive acquisition of Kashmir. Each charged the other with violence. By the time the United Nations five-member commission, having first convened in Geneva, got to Kashmir in the summer of 1948, Pakistan, disturbed as hundreds of thousands of Kashmiri refugees poured across its borders, had sent regular troops in to aid the Azad forces. Only exceptionally conscionable leadership in both New Delhi and Rawalpindi stopped the war from exploding into a major holocaust between the world's two youngest, and its largest and third largest, democracies. In January 1949 the United Nations commission established a cease-fire line, pending the withdrawal of troops and the holding of a plebiscite as to whether the Kashmiri themselves wanted to accede to India or to Pakistan.

But sixteen years later there has been no plebiscite and the cease fire, broken almost daily, is precarious.

As I left the bungalow for the drive to the President's house, just thirty miles from the cease-fire line, the sounds of gunfire echoed from the distance. The President's house is a simple, one-story structure, like all the Azad government buildings. The government regards itself as temporary—a government in exile, belonging not in these rugged hills but in the traditional capital, Srinagar, in the lovely valley of the Kashmir, now in control of India. The President, Abdul Hamid Khan, is a gentle, scholarly man who had spent twenty-two of his fifty-seven years on the bench, the last of them as chief justice of the Azad Kashmir high court. Judicious in temperament as well as in experience ("An independent judiciary," he says, "is the mark of civilization"), Hamid has lived among his countrymen all through the long, trying history of the Kashmir dispute, having served the Azad government ever since it was first set up in 1947. Yet he talks of it now with the serenity of the historian's backward glance or, perhaps more accurately, the judge's review of a long and complicated case.

THE thing that had baffled me all the time about the Kashmir dispute—as I suppose it has everyone else far removed from it—is why, for nearly two decades, it has defied resolution. Why is it that these two huge democracies, India and Pakistan, born in the agony of partition and the mass uprootings of peoples, plagued by an illiteracy rate exceeding 75 per cent, and harassed by crushing problems of poverty, malnutrition, and overpopulation, persist in a costly stalemate over a largely barren and craggy area that has never been able to sustain its own population? It is true that Kashmir is the very heart of Asia. If you draw a line, north and south, midway between the Mediterranean at Beirut and the Pacific at Tientsin, and another line, east and west, between the Arctic Circle and the southern tip of Ceylon, the lines will cross in Kashmir. And it borders not only on Pakistan and India but on China, Russia, and Afghanistan. But the geographic locus pales into strategic insignificance in the face of topographic factors. The country is mountain-locked, limiting air access, and all roads but that through Muzaffarabad are apt to be impassable in winter. It is an unlikely if not impossible route for anyone's invading the subcontinent, and neither Pakistan nor India has advanced any very persuasive claims about its military value.

Hamid sees the plight of Kashmir almost wholly in human terms. Jurists are deeply conscious of the premises of the law, and nothing is more real to Hamid than the Islamic assumption of absolute equality among all believers. Fundamentally a religious principle, historically related to Islam's doctrinal kinship with Christianity, equality has become increasingly a political and social reality in the Moslem world as systems of self-government have, in the upheavals of the twentieth century, replaced autocratic princes and chiefs. One has only to contrast this with the quality of inevitableness that inheres in the Hindu caste system, as Hamid sees it, to understand the compelling instinct of the Kashmiri, nearly 80 per cent Moslem, to cast their lot with Pakistan. For neither Islam nor Hinduism is merely a religion. Both are social systems—powerful and pervasive forces that govern the practices as well as the laws of life. "It is easier to illustrate than to explain briefly," Hamid says. "The example of the cow has often been cited:



—Rochelle Girson.

Houseboat dweller in Kashmir.

to the Moslem, it is something to eat; to the Hindu, it is something to worship."

There are attitudes toward the future involved, too, and age-old visions of life and death. Though not doctrinally hostile, these differ in so many particulars that, given the educational level of Southwest Asia today, they are going to be irreconcilable for a very long time to come. This is a fact of life that Hamid considers overriding, and he cannot see his 4,000,000 Moslem countrymen, not long since sent scurrying into the hills by Hindu and Sikh terrorists, voluntarily committing their future to Indian custody.

Hamid views logic as the servant of man and not his master, for like Holmes he knows, as one long devoted to attempting to reconcile behavior and principle, that the life of the law consists less in logic than in experience. And so he expects no consistency in political behavior, even though his jurist mind looks longingly at precedent. India will not agree to a plebiscite in Kashmir

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—nor even agree to the justness, in this case, of self-determination. And yet, in the cases of Junagadh and Hyderabad, counterparts to Kashmir because they had Hindu populations and Moslem rulers who claimed the right to remain antonomous, India insisted that the majority of their populations, not their despotic rulers, should determine their destiny. And at the point of bayonets those princely states were incorporated into India. The cases are not exactly parallel, of course—neither Junagadh nor Hyderabad is contiguous to both Pakistan and India as Kashmir is—but Hamid sees them, in terms of human ties and needs, as the same.

To the disciplined mind of Hamid, the outcome of a plebiscite in Kashmir is clear. First and primarily, the people of Kashmir are, in overwhelming majority, Moslem, and they see their destiny united by the forces of culture, religion, and history as inextricably tied up with that of their neighbor, the largest Moslem nation on earth. Secondly, Kashmir's dependence on the outside world is inalterable, and the only year-round route is through Pakistan. It is also clear to Hamid that there is a certain historic inevitability about Kashmir's choice of union with Pakistan. Such economic and geopolitical considerations as the flowing of the rivers of Kashmir through the West Pakistan breadbasket and the flowing back to Azad Kashmir of Pakistani foodstuffs seem to him irreversible natural determinants.

Alarmed but unswayed as he is by recent Indian administrative moves to incorporate occupied Kashmir more tightly into India, there is in Abdul Hamid Khan a quiet but stolid insistence, which seems deeply rooted in a fundamental faith in the whole drift of history, that the Kashmir dispute will one day be settled; that world opinion, articulated both within and outside the United Nations, will force the plebiscite upon an unwilling India, because the idea of self-determination is as much the rallying cry of the twentieth century as liberty was that of the eighteenth; and that it is not merely a military or a political matter but a matter of the conscience of mankind that 4,000,000 people cannot indefinitely be held hostages both against their will and against their heritage. "We have not lost our hopes in the United Nations," Hamid said, "and we believe that the day will come when the world body will rise to the occasion to rescue the Kashmiris."

IN Rawalpindi, the young foreign minister of Pakistan, Zulfikar Ali Bhutto, educated in political science at the University of California and in jurisprudence at Oxford, sees the holding of a plebiscite under U.N. supervision and the stipulated preliminary of the withdrawal of Pakistani and Indian soldiers as a relatively simple matter. Yet the debate frequently wanders far afield, advancing claims and counterclaims as to whether the Islamic or Hindustani tradition makes for the good society. But Bhutto insists, "The purpose of the United Nations is not to give Kashmir as a prize to the better society, but merely to ask the Kashmiri whom they want to join."

The Indian government and, from all that I could discover, those Indian people not preoccupied with their own survival are dead against implementing the U.N. proposal of a plebiscite. Their reasons range from the querulous, usually surrounding technicalities relating to the withdrawal of troops that the U.N. commission stipulated as a prerequisite to the plebiscite, to worried concern about its precedential effect upon the cohesiveness of Indian nationalism. I got the bluntest answer, and the quickest, from Krishna Menon, still a member of Parliament though no longer a government minister, and though still cantankerous, grown mellow and a little touched with sadness. In the library of his house in New Delhi, I sat drinking tea while Mr. Menon, looking purposefully satanic in his native costume and with his hair in careful disarray, lectured me on the multiple errors committed by the United States all over the world: "Wherever there is mischief, there is your country in its midst." There is mischief in Kashmir, and we aren't there; but Menon minced no words when I asked him why, after sixteen years, India refused to agree to carrying out the U.N. plebiscite. "Because we would lose it," he said. "Kashmir would vote to join Pakistan, and no Indian government responsible for agreeing to the plebiscite could survive."

In the Menon lexicon the line between realism and cynicism is very thin, and political morality is pretty much, in his words, "a textbook approach" to public affairs. Conceding that "there may be neither legal nor moral justification" for India's position on Kashmir, he held that the question was not what was "right" but what was opportune.

As he did in so many areas, Menon unquestionably influenced Nehru to some extent, during a long, close association on India's course in Kashmir. But the full explanation of India's position goes far beyond Menon and, for that matter, beyond Nehru. Like India itself, it is enormously complex, and in its contradictions it ranges, also like India itself, from the soft and mystical to the harsh and expedient. Himself a Kashmiri, Nehru personally took a romantic and rather wistful view of the land of his fathers. He ended his autobiography, in 1940, with what was for so sophisticated a statesman a childlike yearning: "Three months ago I went back to Kashmir after an absence of twenty-three years . . . and I drank in the loveliness of that land of enchantment . . . and forgot for a while the pain and torment of soul which are the lot of humanity today." And twelve years later: "Kashmir is a piece of my heart."

But as a political leader, Nehru, with his commanding concern for Indian nationhood, took positions on the fate of the Kashmiri, with whom he had few personal ties, so inconsistent as to be completely antithetical. In 1951 he told the All India Congress Committee, "Kashmir has been wrongly looked upon as a prize for India or Pakistan. People seem to forget that Kashmir is not a commodity for sale or to be bartered. It has an individual existence, and its people must be the final arbiters of their future." And, at the time of accession, he reminded the Constituent Assembly that "We went out of our way to make a unilateral declaration that we would abide by the will of the people of Kash-

—Ravi B. Redi (Pix).

—Ravi B. Redi (Pix).

People of Kashmir—Above, a carpet weaver; right, a shepherd girl.

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mir as declared in a plebiscite or referendum." But long after India had embraced the principles of the United Nations provision for a plebiscite, he could say, "The demand for plebiscite has become a joke," and "It is foolish for Pakistan or for any other country to talk about such a thing."

THE traumatic effect of Nehru's death on his people was reflected in a desperate search for a rationale of the intransigent but never fully illumined attitude of India about Kashmir. It was the magnetic power of Nehru's personality, coupled with his historical association with Gandhi, that had been, for seventeen years, the strongest single force in keeping the polyglot, heterogeneous nation united. Almost inevitably, national unity became an obsessive concern once Nehru was gone. A federation of states, India had reason to be fearful as individual states, impatient at the national government's inability to alleviate such problems as the food shortages, have threatened more than once to take matters into their own hands. I heard some claims in New Delhi that the trouble with a plebiscite in Kashmir was that it could lead to demands for plebiscites in such restless constituent states as the Punjab and Madras. But no responsible government official could bring himself to any such declaration of the fragility of Indian union.

It is true that a nation of such diverse ingredients and such ancient forces of sectionalism and sectarianism as India cannot take its unity for granted. But the officer in the Ministry of External Affairs responsible for Kashmir, B. L. Sharma, a knowledgeable and perceptive man, believes that India has twice had its ordeal by fire in its capacity to stay united. The first occasion, the invasion by China of Indian territory and the remarkably swift and concerted rallying of the population, clearly established India's essential unity. The other was the death of Nehru, and the nation's ability promptly to agree on a new leader after Nehru, stating flatly that it was the duty of a democratic people to choose its own leadership, had refused to name a political heir—again demonstrated its singleness of purpose.

I sat with Sharma in his quiet chambers in the Secretariat at New Delhi as, late in the afternoon when everyone else had gone, he speculated about the effect of Kashmir on Indian unity—whether the move to absorb Kashmir did not again reflect a national unity of will. But he knew that this was not so, and he turned quickly to the emerging figure of Shastri, and to his differences from Nehru, rather than any similarities, as a more likely unifying factor.

Far from being in any way either a symbol or a source of unity in India, the Kashmir impasse is keeping alive the Moslem-Hindu hostility that split the nation apart at the time of independence and still arrays its 425,000,000 Hindus against its 50,000,000 Moslems. It has, moreover, been in large measure the reason why both Pakistan and India have devoted such a large proportion of their resources—badly needed for the hungry and undernourished—to the military. (In one year India devoted 50 per cent of her budget to military purposes; in another Pakistan devoted 80 per cent to them.) It has interrupted such urgent joint Indo-Pakistani undertakings as the Indus River development project. It has paralyzed for sixteen years the praiseworthy work of a conscientious commission of the United Nations and diminished the influence of that body among emerging nations with whom it ought to be strengthened. It is alienating a valued friend of the West, as Pakistan, fearful—justifiably or not—that American weapons in India may be turned on them as India steps up the use of force in Kashmir, forges new bonds with Red China. And in both Pakistan and India, it is building up attitudes of hate and suspicion and inspiring a dialogue of vituperation, counsels of extremism, and an explosive atmosphere of anxiety.

—*Mono Mitra (Pix).*

Citizens of Srinagar, Kashmir's traditional capital—Is there a source of unity?

As I left the President's house in Muzaffarabad, however, I was sharply reminded of the bitterest price of all—the plight of the 4,000,000 Kashmiri, wholly deprived of any voice in their own fate, as bleak pawns in a purposeless stalemate. The sound of the gunfire was still echoing, as it had all through the afternoon and evening, from the cease-fire line. That weekend twelve people were killed, seven of them Kashmiri villagers. Since the cease-fire line was established, an estimated 16,000 have died, half of them civilians. The living hostages had little to expect of the future—too little food, too little education, too little clothing and housing, too little dignity, and too little sense of their own identity. President Hamid, the justice turned administrator, saw the question in my mind before I could phrase it. "The whole answer, the only answer," he said, "is in the first article of the U.N. charter, where the purpose of the United Nations is clearly stated: 'To develop friendly relations among nations based on respect for the principle of equal rights and self-determination of peoples. . . .' " His voice trailed off, and he looked at the mountains surrounding us. I thought that his look seemed directed more hopefully to the future than regretfully to the past.

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International Cooperation Year

ONE OF the most exciting and original projects ever undertaken by the United Nations is the current International Cooperation Year, which was proposed by the late Pandit Nehru.

In 1961 the Indian Prime Minister told the U.N. General Assembly, "The essential thing about this world is co-operation . . . between countries which are opposed to each other in the political or other fields. . . . Perhaps it would be a truer picture if the cooperative elements in the world were put forward and we were made to think that the world depends on cooperation and not on conflict."

The General Assembly responded by designating 1965 as a year in which the U.N.'s world-wide cooperative programs would be publicized and ideas for new programs solicited.

Like the memorable International Geophysical Year of 1957-58, on which it is to some extent modeled, the ICY has been conceived more as a prelude and first step than as a static celebration whose cutoff point will be the end of 1965. But even if the U.N.'s ICY committee confines itself to publicizing international programs already in being, its task will be a rewarding one. For modern civilization is, to an extent not generally appreciated, predicated on a skein of cooperative transnational arrangements that underlie and are largely independent of the crises that roil the political surface.

Take, for instance, the International Telecommunications Union, which has in one form and another been in effect for an entire century. The ITU, a U.N. specialized agency with 124 member nations, mediates the world-wide flow of telegraph, telephone, and radio-TV activity. If the ITU's power to allocate radio frequencies and route telegraph and telephone circuits were to be suspended, a horrendous outburst of crossed signals and babbling voices would soon be visited on the world. And we might end up by reverting to the practice, common just over a century ago, of passing telegrams from hand to hand across national borders.

But as it is, the ITU has only recently worked up a brilliant plan for integrating all the communications media, including submarine cables and satellites, into a central, unitary system. This system will, among other things, make possible direct telephone dialing between any two points in the world. Though opponents of digit-dialing will probably greet this development with limited enthusiasm, the new integrated communications system seems likely to stand as one of the great technical triumphs of our civilization.

Such world-bestriding projects as the ITU's unitary communications system are nicely counterbalanced by the U.N.'s more homely, localized team efforts. For example, in Syria—a land long plagued by water shortages—a U.N. team made up of experts from many different countries roamed the Jezireh region for several years and finally located underground concentrations of water extensive enough to irrigate 250,000 acres and support a population of 100,000. Similarly, teams of mineralogists have located lead and zinc deposits in Burma and coal and iron ore in Pakistan, and these finds open up the prospect of sharply increased industrial growth.

Another remarkable accomplishment which the ICY will be publicizing is the chain-link approach to world problems—*i.e.*, the art of bringing the resources of perhaps a dozen agencies to bear on a particular problem. Thus, in a region that is being upgraded industrially, separate international agencies will assay the locality's natural resources, recommend concentration on a particular industry, supply funds to build a factory, teach workers to read and write, train factory technicians locally and if necessary send them abroad for advanced courses, and in some cases arrange for a final phase-over into widely dispersed private ownership of the project.

One of the most promising features of the ICY is the determination of its sponsors to develop entirely new nonpolitical, nonmilitary approaches to international cooperation. When, later this year, a White House Conference on ICY is convened, the U.N.'s ICY committee and the various nongovernmental agencies active in the ICY hope to report on dozens of constructive new international-cooperation proposals—ranging from the field of world health to the field of international sports.*

DESPITE its impressive official backing, the ICY's ultimate fulfillment depends on the interested average citizen: on the educator who tells his classes about ICY; on the Sunday school teacher whose youngsters prepare an ICY exhibit; on the businessman who talks to his service organizations about the importance of the ICY concept to world trade.

Anyone hesitant about promoting ICY should be mindful of President Johnson's remarks when he proclaimed 1965 as International Cooperation Year: "I believe that the true idealists . . . are those who bear the dream of new ways for international cooperation. You will be frowned upon. . . . Some will call you a crackpot. . . . But what greater ambition could you have, and what greater satisfaction could come to you, than the knowledge that you had entered a partnership with your government that had provided leadership in the world, that had preserved humanity instead of destroying it?"

—HALLOWELL BOWSER.

*Interested persons or groups should feel free to send a brief, typed account of such proposals to Mr. Robert Cory, Chairman, U.S. Conference Group, ICY Committee, Room 206, 345 East 46th Street, New York 10017.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Battle of the Book Reviews

I WAS NOT entirely surprised to read in J. Donald Adams's article "The Dilemma of Success" [*SR*, Jan. 30] that after four decades as a member of the staff of the *New York Times Book Review* he believes, "whatever its shortcomings, the *New York Times Book Review* remains the best publication in its field." I was genuinely surprised, however, to read a few lines later that "the *Herald Tribune's* book section has been starved to death."

It would, of course, be poor form to suggest that Mr. Adams's assessment of his former employer is a trifle self-serving. In the interest of my own employer, however, I think it proper form to point out that the *Herald Tribune's* book section has not in fact "been starved to death" or extinguished in any other manner. One suspects that Mr. Adams has not quite kept up with these small matters and so I think it should be noted that the *Herald Tribune* book section was rather dramatically redesigned and reconceived a year and a half ago, renamed *Book Week*, and is now published quite regularly as the syndicated literary supplement of the Washington *Post* and San Francisco *Examiner* in addition to the *Tribune*. In its first year, *Book Week* ran nearly half a million lines of advertising. There are even some among the readers of *Book Week*, we understand, who might disagree with Mr. Adams's view that the *Times Book Review* "remains the best publication in its field." I should think a more objective assessment would run: "Whatever its shortcomings, the *New York Times Book Review* continues to carry more pages—for the time being at least—than any other publication in its field."

RICHARD KLUGER,
Editor, *Book Week*,
New York *Herald Tribune*.
New York, N.Y.

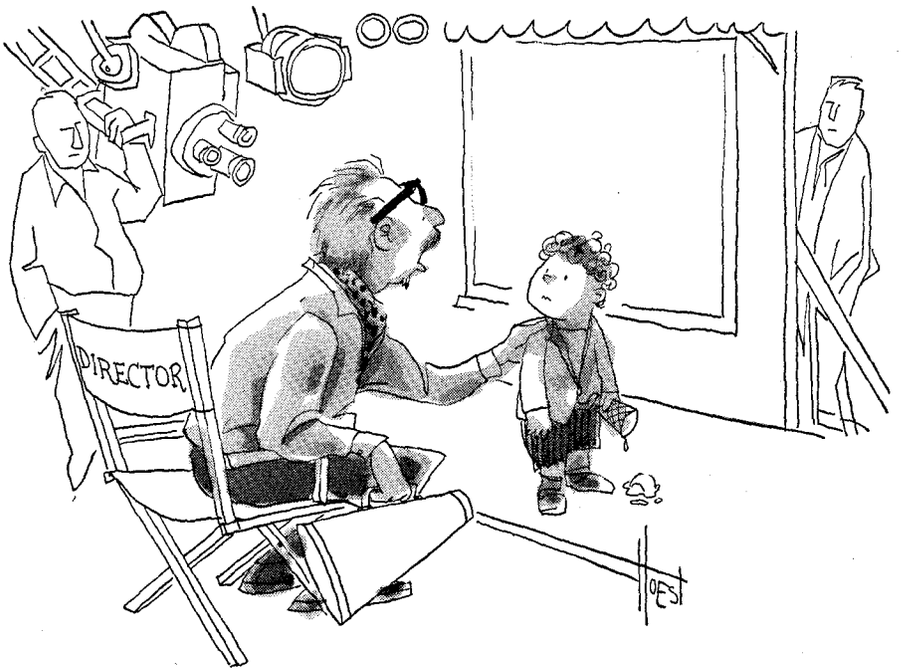
Mr. Adams Replies

WHEN I WROTE that the *Herald Tribune's* book section had been "starved to death," I had in mind the diminution of its coverage that has been going on for some years; this has not been so much the fault of its editors as that of its publishers—first the Reids and then Mr. Whitney—in their struggle to compete with the *Times*. In the days when I edited the *New York Times Book Review* (1925-43), the *Herald Tribune's* book section was a real competitor and was preferred by some people. This situation radically changed, largely because of the rapidly rising costs of newspaper production. (The real onus lies with the printers and their exorbitant demands.)

Mr. Kluger, speaking of the changes that have been effected during his editorship of *Book Week*, suspects that I have "not quite kept up with these small matters." I assure him that I have; it would be strange if I did not take a keen interest in what goes on in a field in which I have been active for forty years.

Actually, I have watched with approval the improvement Mr. Kluger has effected. He gets out an interesting journal; I regret only that he hasn't more space in which to spread his wings. Nevertheless, I must cling to my opinion as to the relative merits of his publication as compared with that of the *Times*. Nor is his implied charge of self-interest much to my taste. Never before has my independence, either as writer or editor, been questioned by anybody.

J. DONALD ADAMS.
New York, N.Y.



"Now you're sad because you dropped your ice cream cone. It's like . . . well . . . as if somebody smashed up your Cadillac convertible."

In Defense of Commercial Radio

IT IS UNFORTUNATE that Robert Lewis Shayon did not do his journalism homework before he wrote the column "The Plight of Subscription Radio" [*SR*, Nov. 7]. It appears that Mr. Shayon was satisfied to accept only the information supplied to him by Art Center Broadcasting Foundation. Oddly enough, this foundation is not even a party of interest to this situation. Mr. Shayon made no effort whatsoever to contact either the buyer or seller of radio station WQRS; thus he missed completely the one and only real issue in this story.

Throughout history, financial support for cultural activity has come from the profits of production. Cultural growth cannot continue if there is to be a dilution of production in our system of free enterprise. Cultural progress cannot be made by asking the federal government to wrest control of business from the individual.

Mr. Shayon seems to believe that there is an inverse relationship between the quality of a radio station and its lack of commercialization. It is curious that the most heralded, culturally oriented radio stations in the country operate on a commercial basis.

Traditionally, the public has refused to support noncommercial radio. Radio station WQRS is an excellent case in point. It was the profits of production, not the handful of listener-subscribers, that kept it on the air.

By the same reasoning expounded by Mr. Shayon, would *Saturday Review* not be a better magazine if it discontinued all advertising? This thinking is ridiculous. *Saturday Review* would not exist if it were not for the revenue derived from commercial advertising.

There is only one issue in this story. It is "to protect or not to protect the property rights of the free and individual businessman." These rights must be protected or we shall have begun the destruction of democracy.

THOMAS M. FERGUSON,
President,
Vanguard Broadcasting Corporation.
Detroit, Mich.

Rebuttal from Berkeley

THE BERKELEY student protests which N.C. describes in his recent editorial "Escalation in California" [*SR*, Jan. 30] seem to have been elevated to the status of a parable in which the facts can be adjusted as necessary to illustrate the moral of the moment.

For example, N.C. chooses to use the Berkeley allegory to throw light "on the phenomenon of breakdowns in human affairs" and he adapts the story to dramatize the inexorable and inevitable "condition akin to war, in which soldiers fight to avenge the death of buddies more than to advance an abstract cause." In order to achieve the effectiveness of simplicity, Mr. Cousins reduces the situation to only two easily identifiable antagonists, the students and the administration, each holistically "intent on crushing the other." This poignant opposition of two homogeneous forces

(*Continued on page 57*)

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

My Fair Irene

NOT THAT any of us really expected anything different, but *Baker Street* is the street where all the old musical comedies meet. The determinedly antiromantic bachelor and his soft-hearted companion are not called Henry Higgins and Colonel Pickering but Sherlock Holmes and Doctor Watson. They live with an anxious landlady not on Wimpole Street but around the corner on Baker Street. And replacing Eliza Doolittle as the warm-hearted girl who pursues her reluctant quarry to a maybe conclusion is Irene Adler, an American actress who rescues the ungrateful detective.

For that necessary touch of color and animation there is a dip into cockney. Instead of the Artful Dodger and his gang of pickpockets, or Tessie O'Shea, we have the Baker Street Irregulars singing and dancing songs of the "Consider Yourself" variety. Finally there is the quaint charm of London town, and Oliver Smith has once more furnished us with these familiar trappings.

Unfortunately, none of the songs by Marion Grudeff and Raymond Jessel approaches in quality or impact the ones they emulate, and Jerome Coopersmith's embellishments of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's stories do no more than remind us that they are just that. Most important of all, he has not succeeded in making us care about the story or about his heroine's emotional involvement with Holmes.

What has been accomplished here is the now and then amusing parody of the detective-story form, with its ridiculously complicated plots and its absurdly fearless deeds of derring-do. As a young, self-centered Holmes, Fritz Weaver strides unscathed through every peril. A bomb is ticking within seconds of detonation, and he cannot resist momentarily postponing his necessary attempt to stop its mechanism in order to explain to the baffled Watson how, by use of an Indian hand-grip, he had managed to wriggle free of his bonds. Mr. Weaver is the ideal actor for this sort of grotesque humor, and one can visualize the show that might have been written for his special talent.

Another theatrically effective moment has been devised by designer Smith and puppeteer Bil Baird, who collaborate to stage Queen Victoria's Jubilee parade as seen from a distant rooftop. Not only do the troops march, but the Queen herself seems to bow and wave from her royal carriage.

In the thankless role of Irene, Inga Swenson has little chance to use her talent. Indeed, when she sings "I'd Do It Again" one wonders *what* she would do again. And Peter Sallis emerges as a bland Watson, who cannot be the comic foil to a Holmes who has taken over the humorous spotlight. Thus his sentimental ballad about the remembered pleasure of having been "a married man" seems a tepid interlude whose only function is to set up Holmes's reply that he is glad he has no such maudlin memories.

Martin Gabel makes a superior and razor-sharp Professor Moriarty. However, he appears only twice and then briefly, so that one is left to imagine the homicidal game of chess these two masterminds might have played against each other in a different version of the same story. Instead *Baker Street* attempts to sum up the cloak-and-dagger drama in one fantastic number choreographed by Lee Becker Theodore. While its tortuous journey through the London underworld is only nominally related to the essential plot (and anachronistically introduces some blond Beatles as cutthroats), it includes a violent fight-to-the-death that matches in dance the devastating donnybrooks devised by TV and movie thrillers.

The disappointment one feels about *Baker Street* is not so much that it is not a better musical comedy but that somehow it stands as a frenetic symptom of the whole sorry state of the American musical theater in which new musicals too often turn out to be floundering—but, alas, not always unsuccessful—attempts to bludgeon audiences with the look and sound of past successes.

TWO seasons ago the London drama critics selected Bill Naughton's first play, *All in Good Time*, as the best new British drama. And they voted the play's two leading performers, Bernard Miles and Marjorie Rhodes, as the season's best actor and actress. New Yorkers are seeing it now, not in good time, but after much delay and, with the exception of Miss Rhodes, played by a different cast. In London it had appeared as a marvelously warm naturalistic drama about British lower-class types who by tradition, sentiment, and ignorance voluntarily diminished their own lives. Furthermore, they seemed to crush their own chances for refinement or beauty, in much the same way New England boarding schools were pictured as doing in *Tea and Sympathy*.

The Broadway production emerges as more deliberately comic and sentimental. Sir Donald Wolfit's performance as the apoplectic father excessively reflects a brutish stupidity, and his tears at the play's "happy" end suggests a tragic dimension, as if this stiff-necked laborer saw the pitiful truth about himself.

As his sensitive son who "unnaturally" reads books and listens to classical music, Brian Murray also enlarges the portrait so that he loses the vulnerability that would make his failure to consummate his marriage convincing. His innocent bride is played with a slightly satiric touch by Alexandra Berlin, and this makes her plight more comic. Only Miss Rhodes, as the hard-bitten mother, manages to achieve the combination of comedy and seriousness that made the London ensemble so effective.

However, enough of the play's values remain for the audience to be entertained and moved, and even perhaps to appreciate Mr. Naughton's remarkable penetration of a very British situation.

This year's Margo Jones Award, to a producer for enterprise with the works of untested playwrights, has been given to Theatre 1965, an organization currently consisting of Richard Barr, Clinton Wilder, and Edward Albee. The group, which alters its name with the date, last season underwrote two-performance presentations of twenty-five new plays at the Village South Theatre. One of these was LeRoi Jones's *Dutchman*, which subsequently went on to enjoy a regular off-Broadway run. This valuable program continues this season and has now been supplemented by a series of limited-run presentations of a number of new playwrights to adventurous paying audiences at the Cherry Lane Theatre.

The first unveiling consists of three short plays. *Up to Thursday*, by Sam Shepard, is a nonsensical and deliberately capricious exercise in which two teen-age girls and three teen-age boys toy with the permutations and combinations that might attend the leashing and unleashing of their private fantasies. *Balls*, by Paul Foster, has as its only visible actors two white golf balls that swing back and forth while we listen to the conversation of two corpses as they suffer various desecrations from living people who use their graveyard as a toilet and as an assignation spot. *Home Free*, by Lanford Wilson, deals with incest and fantasy at the point where they are destroyed by their literal by-products, pregnancy and death. None of these plays appears to have a potential beyond its present limited run. Yet if these young writers are going to be playwrights, it is an excellent thing for them to be given this stage fulfillment of scripts they might otherwise never have finished.

—HENRY HEWES.

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Books

LITERARY HORIZONS

A Moral Sensuality

AFTER the publication of *Room at the Top* in 1957, John Braine seemed one of the more gifted of England's so-called "angry young men." The sequel, however, *Life at the Top* (*SR*, Oct. 6, 1962), was disappointingly close, both in theme and in treatment, to the serials that appear in slick magazines, and in reviewing it I said that I had been wrong in regarding Braine as one of the English novelists worth watching. Now, after reading *The Jealous God* (Houghton Mifflin, $4.95), I have to reverse myself again.

The Jealous God is a subtle study of love and sex. The hero, Vincent Dungarvan, is, like Braine himself, a member of an Irish Catholic family that has been living in northern England for several generations. A teacher in a Catholic school, he has long considered becoming a priest, as his mother has prayed he will do. At the age of thirty he has had no sexual experience, keeping himself apart not only on religious grounds but also because he shrinks from intimate human contacts. As D. H. Lawrence would have said, he fears connection. At the same time he is so persistently interested in women that he knows he can never be a priest.

Unlike the hero of the earlier novels, Joe Lampton, for whom sex is as simple and as desirable as money, Vincent has a complicated conception of the ideal relationship between the sexes, and in his life up to the point at which the novel begins he has never encountered a woman who measures up to his ideal. Then he meets Laura Heycliff, a librarian, and his interest is immediately roused. "He was at last going to feel what he always pretended to himself that he'd feel with a girl. It was too good to be true; it wasn't possible that he should be about to take out a girl who not only spoke well but who was pretty in an acceptable way, not tartish, not twitchily refined, not dowdy and quiet, but someone about whom he could dream without finding it necessary to make her into something which she was not."

In their first conversation and on subsequent occasions Laura does not disappoint Vincent; she is all that he has believed her to be, and she is obviously attracted to him. But he soon learns that she is a Protestant. "Once again he hadn't found the nice Catholic girl, marriage to whom as an alternative to the priesthood had been recommended to him as long as he could remember; but if he didn't want to marry her, the excuse was there ready-made." Even a cheerful life of sin, however, is denied him, for his mother learns about Laura and brings relentless pressure to bear on him. And then Laura's apartment-mate, who is perhaps herself in love with Laura, informs him that Laura has been married and divorced.

A reader—at any rate a non-Catholic reader—is bound to sympathize with Laura: her marriage was a mistake, and divorce was the only possible remedy. She is still young and attractive and is in love with Vincent. Yet it is Braine's strength that he makes us feel with Vincent. Laura has called him "very respectable, very moral, and very sensual," and he is all those things. His desire for Laura is strong, but so is his feeling for the teachings of his Church. Even his brothers, who are not particularly devout, join their mother in opposing Laura.

In spite of all the pressure from within and without, Vincent returns to Laura and becomes her lover. But his doubts are not to be easily suppressed:

> He and Laura were inextricably together, this was a fact, and there was no need to be frightened of losing her; the certainty was almost an ecstasy, and then as they said their goodbyes and went out into the street it had gone and the girl with the black hair and green eyes was Laura Heycliff, who was his mistress and might be his wife if only he could break loose not only from his mother and his family and his job but all he'd ever lived by; he couldn't see himself sitting in the back of the church any more than he could see himself teaching in a Protestant school, among people who behaved as if they would never die.

Laura has scruples of her own, and they serve to intensify the problem, which comes to seem insoluble. At one point, when Vincent says, "You win," Laura replies fiercely, "You fool, neither of us wins." And though there is a reconciliation of sorts, she is probably right.

Vincent, with his scruples and velleities, is far from the typical modern hero, who, so far as sex is concerned, goes after what he wants. Ambivalence is common enough in modern love stories, but not Vincent's kind of aloofness. He knows that "his sin was to be neither hot nor cold, to wish neither to hurt nor to be hurt, to wish only to do his job and, increasingly, to escape into fantasy." It is not religious dogma that

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24 Letters to the Book Review Editor
25 The Addict and the Law, by Alfred R. Lindesmith; The Addict in the Street, edited by Jeremy Larner
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controls his actions but temperament, though of course that has been in part shaped by religious training. It is his misfortune that any girl who could attract him is certain to be hurt. He loves Laura for her warmth, but the more she gives, the more vulnerable she is.

He also stands apart from the members of his family. His brothers, in their different ways, regard him as belonging to a species of his own. His mother, who worships him, is determined to dominate him by whatever means may be necessary. Although Braine is determined not to make a monster of her and endows her with admirable qualities, she has much to answer for. The most flexible and perceptive of his kinsmen is his grandmother. Telling her what he has done, he says, "I'm as bad as a John O'Hara character, aren't I?" She replies, "He's very true to life. He seems to have lost the grace of God, but he knows what men are like."

John Braine also knows what men are like, and he knows that they are not all the same. In *Room at the Top* Joe Lampton was interesting because he seemed typical of the discontented, ambitious members of the working class. In *Life at the Top*, with its middle-class background, he had become a cliché. In *The Jealous God* Vincent Dungarvan is not a type; he is neither conformist nor rebel; he is himself, confused, full of conflicts, hard to get along with, but himself. Braine has succeeded in showing the man in his uniqueness and all his complexity. For different reasons Catholics and non-Catholics alike may think ill of Vincent, but they will understand him, and that is what matters.

—GRANVILLE HICKS.

Letters to the Book Review Editor

Even Papa Paid Tribute

I HAVE NO OBJECTION to either the criticism or the praise contained in Maia W. Rodman's review of my novel *Love Lies Bleeding* [*SR*, Jan. 9]. What I do find reprehensible is her extraneous attack on the man my book is dedicated to. In this she seems to me to show a surprising lack of taste, as well as betraying her ignorance of the main subject matter of my novel. Mrs. Rodman writes: "The novel is dedicated to Luis Miguel Dominguín, but Juan Ramón Vasquez is much too honorable a fighter to be a true portrait of that particular *matador*."

In reply to this unpleasant insinuation, I would like to point out that the hero of *Love Lies Bleeding* was indeed inspired by Dominguín, and that whatever failings he might have as a man, a lack of honor as a fighter was never in evidence. I have known him intimately for thirteen years, have heard him discussed by his opponents as well as his supporters, and have never heard any man cast aspersions on his professional reputation. Even Ernest Hemingway, in his not unbiased reportage, *The Dangerous Summer*, pays high tribute to Dominguín's courage, and the honorable way he behaved in adversity.

I doubt that Mrs. Rodman has greater insight or information. Nor does the record contradict my statements. All through the years when Dominguín and Ordoñez were in competition Luis Miguel was never once fined for shaving the horns of the bulls he was to fight, nor for any other malpractice in or out of the ring. . . .

PETER VIERTEL.

Klosters, Switzerland

Honor in the Plaza

MR. VIERTEL'S FRIENDSHIP and deep admiration for Luis Miguel Dominguín seem to prejudice him against a few facts. Possibly the most skilful, and certainly (in his ability to "teach the bull") the most "scientific" of bullfighters, Dominguín (as many photographs testify) is no stranger to shaved horns, nor to the shouts of "*sin vergüenza!*" Other bullfighters have fought shaved animals, and quite a few have been called "shameless." I do not consider them honorable. Mr. Viertel might.

Before Mr. Dominguín made his comeback in the Madrid plaza in 1957, I heard that the bulls had been carefully selected by his father and that the critics had been well paid to report on the fight favorably. The selection, if such selection was made, must have been unfortunate, since Luis Miguel showed no desire to fight the animals. The performance, dull at best, disgraceful throughout, was described by at least one critic as a "triumph." Others have blamed the lack of public response on the attack of "Asian flu" suffered by the *diestro*. That same week, in Guadalajara, I approached Mr. Dominguín immediately before the fight, to ask if he was still suffering from the ailment. He laughed, and flashing his charming smile, replied: "With the first bull I'll still be suffering from it But with the second one I'll find myself suddenly cured." He dispatched his first rapidly, and fought brilliantly with his second.

I had seen Luis Miguel Dominguín fight only a dozen times. During five of those times I felt cheated. He was not having a "bad afternoon." *He was not interested.* Mr. Dominguín is not a coward, so it is never fear that interferes with his performance. He is not a prima donna, so the blame cannot be placed on his temperament. My personal opinion, not totally unshared, is that he lacks a sense of honor, which some might prefer to call a sense of responsibility.

Mr. Viertel's hero has it; Luis Miguel, among his many virtues, cannot lay claim to possessing it.

MAIA W. RODMAN.

Oakland, N.J.

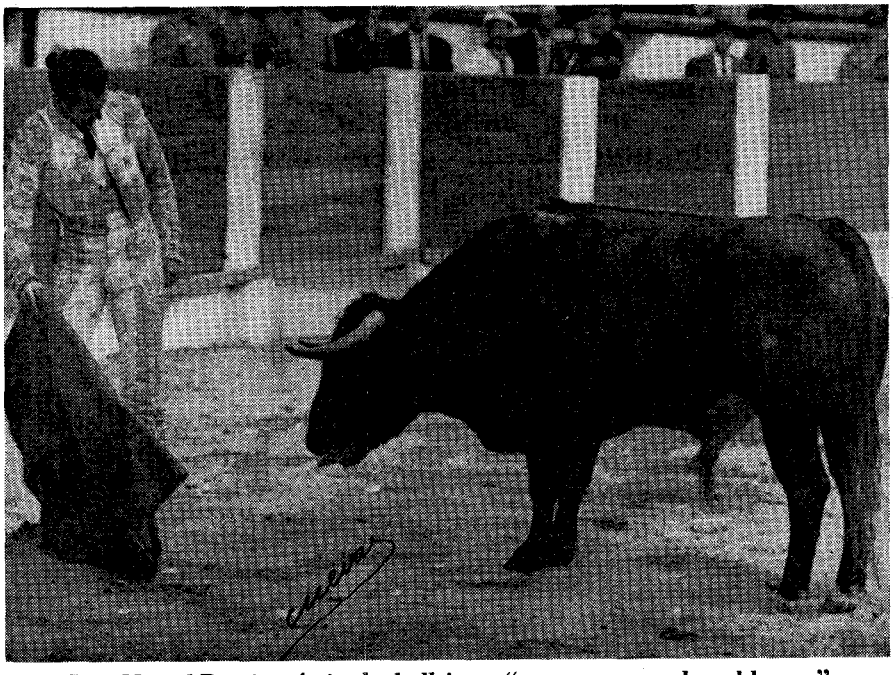
Delayed Insouciance

DAVID DEMPSEY'S REVIEW of Bryan's *P.S. Wilkinson* [*SR*, Feb. 6] was a conjurer's delight. He can't seem to criticize the ship without making the captain walk the plank. Mr. Dempsey brings to mind those *Time* reviewers (take *that*) who fumble through criticisms with all manner of histrionic verbiage (and *that*). One gets the impression he was highly entertained by a lousy book. Call it delayed insouciance.

His review was fascinating, but it bored me.

L. A. CAMPBELL.

Jacksonville, Fla.



Luis Miguel Dominguín in the bullring—"no stranger to shaved horns."

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Playmates in the Narcotics Game

The Addict and the Law, *by Alfred R. Lindesmith (Indiana University Press. xiii. 337 pp. $7.50), and* ***The Addict in the Street,*** *edited by Jeremy Larner from tape recordings collected by Ralph Tefferteller (Grove. 288 pp. $5.50), respectively discuss and personify an increasingly pervasive and danger-fraught social problem. Harry Elmer Barnes, the author of "Society in Transition" and other books, has studied crime in America for the past fifty years.*

By HARRY ELMER BARNES

MY CONTACT with the use of opiates goes back about as far as I can remember anything, for my grandfather's uncle, who lived with the family from 1893 to 1901, stopped on his way to bed every night and took a dose of laudanum, mixed with sugar and water, containing probably enough opium to last an addict of our time several days. No other person in the family touched the medicine or knew much about it other than that the old man said it helped to put him to sleep. When I was in college, from 1909 to 1913, I met most of my living expenses by working in a drugstore where I dispensed heroin as casually and freely as I would today aspirin or Vick's nasal drops. After that I virtually forgot about the existence of heroin until I began my fifty-year study of crime, criminals, and prisons as assistant to Dwight Morrow and his famous New Jersey Prison Inquiry Committee in 1917. After the passage of the Jones-Miller Act in 1922 I was really astonished at the number of men in prison because of narcotics addiction.

It is obviously impossible to consider the narcotics problem comprehensively in a brief review of a pair of good books, such as *The Addict and the Law* and *The Addict in the Street.* I can only indicate the nature of the books and recommend that they be read with care by those who wish to understand one of the most confused and stubborn legal, medical, and social problems of our time.

Alfred R. Lindesmith, a man with a brilliant academic record, known for his judicious attitude and restrained expression with respect to sociological problems, is the author of many substantial papers on narcotics addiction. In *The Addict and the Law* he has produced what is in my opinion far the best general treatment of the subject available in the English language. Although he frankly advocates the remedial medical and sociological approach, he describes and appraises with notable restraint the repressive and punitive program that has made the narcotics issue a matter of criminology and penology, rather than medicine and sociology; indeed, the degree of his restraint will annoy many of the more ardent foes of the repressive school.

If one wishes a clear presentation of the history, present status, and immediate outlook of the narcotics situation, this is surely the book to peruse. Those who want to learn more of the opposing views will find ample bibliographic references in Professor Lindesmith's study; and, of course, they can also get well-nigh unlimited literature from the Federal Bureau of Narcotics.

Some of the most evident and disastrous abuses that are alleged by its critics to have developed as a result of the repressive approach are the undermining of our courts and judicial procedure; the demoralization of police systems, upon which falls most of the actual work in repressing addiction; the stretching of the law in framing suspected addicts; the distraction of police and public attention from more serious forms and causes of criminality; the marked increase of neighborhood thievery and robbery by addicts needing money to pay for ever-more-costly narcotics; and the utterly preposterous inclusion of marijuana as a dangerous, habit-forming narcotic drug. In treating and sentencing addicts cruel and unusual punishments are meted out that are unmatched since the passage of the "Lindbergh Law" and the state "little Lindbergh laws" following 1932, if not since the English more than a century ago abolished their criminal code with its 200 capital crimes. Moreover, the invasion of civil liberties goes far beyond that tolerated in legal procedure against any other form of crime. The result is an increasingly hazardous and prevalent narcotics problem, which is handled with more frenzy than reason.

Professor Lindesmith holds that the addiction problem is mainly due to the repressive and punitive legislation, which he asserts has done more than anything else to increase the number of addicts and hinder the creation of a rational and effective program for dealing with addiction; yet he recognizes other important trends and influences that have intensified and confused the situation. Notable among them is the growth of an idle, bored, and restless body of urban youth, a number of whom have turned to juvenile gang violence, while others find relief in drugs. There is some, but not much overlapping. To quote Professor Lindesmith:

> The very facts of illegality and expensiveness [both produced by the repressive legislation] give drugs a symbolic significance and attractiveness to some segments of the population which they would not otherwise have. Taking drugs has become for some persons a group way of life, a means of protest, and a way of revolt against accepted values. It is this fact that has contributed heavily to the epidemic character of the postwar drug problem.

The learned but absorbing Lindesmith study is complemented by *The*

(Continued on page 57)

"A group way of life" updated at Synanon House in Santa Monica, Calif., where former addicts help the hooked break the habit.

—Romagno Cagnoni (Pix).

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Salvation East of Eden

The Conscience of India: Moral Traditions in the Modern World, *by Creighton Lacy (Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 323 pp. $7.50), finds contemporary Hinduism concerned with social reform as well as metaphysics. Frank Moraes is editor of the Indian Express, New Delhi.*

By FRANK MORAES

IN THIS interesting, perceptive, and comprehensive study Creighton Lacy, professor of World Christianity at Duke University, seeks to probe and explain the growth of India's modern social conscience against the background of her moral traditions.

Nobody can understand India or the Indian mind without attempting to understand Hinduism, which through the centuries has paradoxically proved to be the most divisive factor in the country and the one force that has preserved the unity of India. Although it is amorphous as a religion, Hinduism is definite in the basic principles it cherishes. The "differentness" of these ideas explains the so-called "otherness" of the Hindu mind.

Mr. Lacy unravels these contradictions skillfully. He sees India not only as a palimpsest presenting layers of mental, religious, and social developments, but also as a cohesive panorama projecting various aspects of Indian life. He has tried to observe India through the minds of some of her outstanding leaders, and in the course of this fascinating inquiry he has had the advantage of talks with President Radhakrishnan, the late Jawaharlal Nehru, Rajendra Prasad, and such extremes of what might loosely be described as representative Indian minds as the conservative C. Rajagopalachari and the Communist Hiren Mukerji.

Westerners writing on Hindu philosophy often confess they find Hinduism insufficiently assertive and positive. One encounters this, for instance, in Dr. Albert Schweitzer's excursions into Hinduism, Jainism, and Buddhism. Schweitzer feels that *ahimsa* or reverence for life opens a way for human egotism in so far as it leads to a preoccupation with one's own salvation, appealing to the individual not in the name of sympathy and compassion but on purely metaphysical grounds. Schweitzer dismisses Hinduism as a religion of inactivity based on the negative concept of abstaining from evil, as contrasted with the positive Western ideal of doing good. The difference between the European and the Hindu, as Schweitzer sees it, is that while the European is interested in changing and improving his environment, which to him means progress, the Hindu is more concerned with changing and improving his inner self, which to him spells salvation.

It is the great merit of Professor Lacy's book that he resolves this dilemma, finding that the conscience of India has been expressing itself since the days of Raja Rammohun Roy not only in metaphysical thought but in positive action directed towards social and legal reform, affecting the status of women and the so-called Untouchables. Following Raja Rammohun Roy came Mahatma Gandhi, who combined in himself the roles of prophet and politician, and deeply influenced not so much the Indian mind as the Indian conscience.

Nehru, with his scientific humanism, carried this ethical stream several stretches further.

As Mr. Lacy makes clear, the men who have thus influenced the Indian conscience have been primarily reformers rather than iconoclasts. Neither Roy nor Gandhi broke the mold of Hinduism. They refashioned it, an approach that reveals the large place tradition occupies in the Indian mind after long years of tortuous, sometimes abrupt changes.

The Star of David Still Shines

Can Faith Survive?, *by Maurice N. Eisendrath (McGraw-Hill. 315 pp. $5.95), presents the "thoughts and afterthoughts" of an American rabbi who has played a leading part in Jewish community life for the past thirty years. Albert H. Friedlander of Columbia University translated Leo Baeck's "This People Israel."*

By ALBERT H. FRIEDLANDER

A LIBERAL rabbi's credo, *Can Faith Survive?* ranges from birth control, pacifism, capital punishment, censorship, and civil rights to problems within the Jewish community regarding Zionism, the failure of the synagogue, the Jews' relationship to Jesus, and other controversial issues. Maurice Eisendrath's technique of pairing quotations from his early Toronto sermons in the Thirties with lectures written twenty years later gives evidence of change and development that mirrors the general religious climate in its gradual shift from rebellion to caution. Yet, as the author rightly points out, his beliefs *had* to change. Toronto was

> before Hitler . . . before tens of millions . . . were consumed in the apocalyptic flames of war; before the State of Israel arose from the ashes of destruction . . . before Korea, before Cuba, before Algeria, before Laos, before Viet-Nam; before the United Nations and before the H-bomb and the test ban.

This is an honest book. Aware of his residual prejudices against Negroes, Rabbi Eisendrath, who is lifetime president of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations, finds the antidote in his Biblical heritage. Committed to the synagogue as the key to Jewish survival, he can still recognize its failings as the "middle-class institution" which it has become, looking for an Organization Man to be its spiritual leader, disdaining scholarship, in danger of becoming no more than a Jewish country club. He has the courage to enter dangerous emotional areas by acclaiming Jesus as "a Jew, one of the noblest, most loyal, and faithful Jews who ever lived . . ."—a claim that must be assessed in context. And Eisendrath's strong espousal of freedom of speech leads to a condemnation of the Jewish organizations that ineffectually tried to censor such works as *The Merchant of Venice* and even Rolf Hochhuth's *The Deputy*. He has a sure and certain knowledge of the American Jewish community. If, in the end, he retains the hope that it will surmount its difficulties and achieve union and strength, his optimism is grounded in the very real assets he discovers in that community, and is coupled with a passionate pride in Judaism as a living faith that can indeed survive.

> Jews will not vanish. For even if we do not choose to be Jews, the world needs

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Jews—and Jewish values. If there were no Jews, the world would have to create us.

This is not a book for theologians. Indeed, Rabbi Eisendrath clearly states that it is not intended as a theological treatise, and expresses his conviction that "Jews, especially, maintain an almost complete indifference to theology." But in his too-easy rejection of the new theology, and his espousal of a faith that would never offend reason, certain presuppositions appear that would be challenged by many of his colleagues. What cannot be challenged is his honesty, his continuing search for God in all aspects of life. *Can Faith Survive?* testifies to the vitality of the American Jew.

Independence Through Calculus

***Consciencism**, by Kwame Nkrumah (Monthly Review Press. 122 pp. $3.50), attempts to formulate a dynamic political philosophy for present-day Africa. Charles Miller is a free-lance writer who specializes in African affairs.*

By CHARLES MILLER

SEVERAL years ago I had the privilege of meeting Kwame Nkrumah at Flagstaff House, the Ghanaian president's executive residence in Accra. The occasion was a protocol visit paid by a delegation from an East African nation, which I was fortunate enough to accompany, and exchanges were necessarily brief and superficial. (My own contribution, if memory serves, consisted of "How do you do, Mr. President?"). This all-too-abbreviated dialogue nonetheless left me with the impression of nervous, almost impatient energy balanced by considerable personal charm and a pleasantly surprising absence of fanaticism. Regrettably, little if any of this last characteristic is evident in the catalogue of demagoguery and specious reasoning that comprises the body of *Consciencism*, Dr. Nkrumah's ambitious attempt to formulate a dynamic political philosophy for present-day Africa.

A great deal of this effort is devoted to an obviously learned examination of Western philosophy and its development. Having little knowledge myself of philosophical systems, it would be presumptuous for me to comment on Dr. Nkrumah's observations in this area, beyond voicing a strong suspicion that they have no valid bearing whatever on the book as a political document, in which light I believe it must be judged.

Dr. Nkrumah defines "Consciencism" as "the theoretical basis for an ideology whose aim shall be to contain the African experience of Islamic and Euro-Christian presence as well as the experience of traditional African society, and, by gestation, employ them for the harmonious growth and development of that society." Certainly no one will quarrel with this eminently desirable aim, any more than with a staunch position in favor of Mother. However, in furnishing a rationale for Consciencism, Dr. Nkrumah reveals attitudes and intentions considerably less lofty, though these will hardly come as a surprise to anyone already familiar with the paranoid vengefulness reflected in so much of his writing and public utterance. Moreover, despite the author's undeniable erudition, the entire thesis carries a distinct ring of absurdity.

For example, one of the first factors Dr. Nkrumah would have us know about Consciencism is that it is essentially socialist, since "man is regarded in Africa as primarily a spiritual being . . . endowed originally with a certain inward dignity, integrity and value." This Olympian exercise in *non sequitur* is followed immediately by the equally logical inference that Western man can't claim such noble attributes, encumbered as he is by the doctrine of Original Sin. (Parenthetically, the theme of Africans as a superior race—with its handmaiden implication of Western unworthiness—is hammered at so persistently that if the American or European reader isn't careful he is likely to see himself as some odious caricature of grossness and venality from a Gropper cartoon of the 1930s.) Further, Consciencism must by definition be absolutely incompatible with and alien to any concept of free enterprise, which, we learn, is no more than a subtle refinement of slavery and feudalism, "a betrayal of the personality and conscience of Africa." Elaborating on this assertion, Dr. Nkrumah tells us that capitalism achieves its highest fulfillment in imperialism, and warns that "the African Hercules has his club poised ready to smite any new head which the colonialist hydra may care to put out."

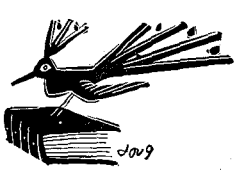
In that quaint turn of phrase, of course, lies the recognition by the Nkrumahs, Nassers, and Sukarnos that beating the dead horse of imperialism-colonialism has passed the point of diminishing returns as a useful instrument with which to espouse the doctrine that two wrongs equal one right. Accordingly, the world's hewers of wood and drawers of water are now confronted with the even more fearful specter of neocolonialism—which, we are told, is "any oblique attempt of a foreign power to thwart, balk, corrupt or otherwise pervert the true independence of a sovereign people." Although Dr. Nkrumah doesn't enlarge on the specifics of these "oblique attempts," he does thunder lurid *caveats* of a general sort against any political or economic ties between emerging nations and their former colonial rulers; and we can find solace only in the awareness that most other African leaders don't seem quite so alert to the insidious nature of Western designs for their enslavement. One wonders what whipping-boy will be found when neocolonialism has outlived its usefulness; meanwhile, there is no gainsaying its serviceability as a straw man for more than one strong man.

In short, Dr. Nkrumah has given us, in tones of restrained hysteria, nothing that has not been screamed before—with one possible exception. This is found in the final chapter, where he reduces the entire philosophy of Consciencism to mathematical symbols and formulae. After all, how can one fly in the face of a scientific truth such as the following, chosen as a random example:

$$
\begin{aligned}
(pa)(na)(g)\ \exists\, d\,[d(na{>}pa)g \rightarrow (pa{>}na)g] &\quad \ldots \text{a}\\
(pa)(na)\ \exists\, d\,[d(na{>}pa)g \rightarrow (pa{>}na)g] &\quad \ldots \text{b}\\
(na)\ \exists\, d\,[d(na{>}pa)g \rightarrow (pa{>}na)g] &\quad \ldots \text{c}\\
\exists\, d\,[d(na{>}pa)g \rightarrow (pa{>}na)g] &\quad \ldots \text{d}\\
d(na{>}pa)g \rightarrow (pa{>}na)g &\quad \ldots \text{e}\\
d(na{>}pa)g &\quad \ldots \text{f}\\
\therefore\ (pa{>}na)\ \text{rule of detachment} &\quad \ldots \text{g.}
\end{aligned}
$$

Which shows incontrovertibly, as Dr. Nkrumah explains with all the assurance of a chemistry instructor demonstrating Boyle's Law, "that if a freedom fighter can by increasing positive action introduce a sufficient dialectical moment in (na>pa)g, he can be sure of winning independence."

On another battleground, that of the vital need for pan-African unity, Kwame Nkrumah pleads the case more rationally and eloquently than any man alive. That he can simultaneously produce such unalloyed nonsense as the philosophy of Consciencism might make intriguing spadework for a psychiatrist; but to me, it's just sad.



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The Past Was Poor But Beautiful

***Voices of a Summer Day,** by Irwin Shaw (Delacorte. 223 pp. $4.95), shuttles between the rough-hewn past and affluent present of a first-generation American businessman. David Boroff frequently comments on current American fiction.*

By DAVID BOROFF

WHAT has happened to Irwin Shaw? Around the time of World War II he was one of the young writers from whom great things were expected. Since 1945, however, he has produced a highly successful novel, *The Young Lions*, whose reputation has declined, and a number of other works that attracted only modest critical recognition.

Essentially, Irwin Shaw is a kind of Jewish Hemingway who, after generations of ghetto shivering, affirms the values of physical competence and stoical endurance. "Sailor Off the Bremen" was one of those lovely consolations at a time when the Nazis were everywhere triumphant, and who can forget the beating that Noah Ackerman manfully absorbs in *The Young Lions*? Like Hemingway, Shaw has been the prime actor in his own drama – athlete, soldier, Hollywood worldling, and European expatriate. Like Hemingway, too, he affirmed the romantic hero. Both repudiated that contemporary figure the crippled protagonist, the anti-hero. Shaw's heroes – like Hemingway's – are reflexively rueful, full of a sardonic, sorrowing sense of how things go wrong; but they are also men who act and who are concerned with behaving well.

Shaw's new novel, *Voices of a Summer Day*, seems promising at first. An exercise in nostalgia, it weaves back and forth between Benjamin Federov's early life and the present. Federov is a successful businessman, a tender father, and an indulgent husband, though susceptible to extramarital adventures. He leads a comfortable, surprisingly untroubled existence; but his sophistication does not cut him off from his origins. Like Irwin Shaw himself, Federov came from a Jewish immigrant home, attended an obscure college, where he played football, then stumbled from the Depression into the war. While in uniform he married a gentile girl; afterwards he carved out an easy, relaxed, Upper East Side way of life.

The novel consists of a series of loosely-strung vignettes, unified only by the author's penchant for sorting out his people into the humane and the heartless, the good and the bad. As a child at camp Federov witnessed the drowning of a counselor, a direct consequence of the life guard's stupid narcissism. As a college youth he worked as a waiter at a New Year's Eve party in a resort, where he encountered a flagrantly amoral beauty, a symbol for him of *la belle dame sans merci* who would hold him always in thrall. As a young married man he had a long-term affair with a cold, predatory female, who after her Bronx childhood moved into a fashionable and corrupt milieu.

OPPOSED to these quasi-villains there are the rough-hewn figures from Federov's childhood, for whom he nurtures a stubborn affection: his father, whose heroism had come from enduring "a world that battered at him with a thousand small ugly blows"; his mother, who kept things going "with an iron ferocity of will in the dark polished house that was her castle, her battlefield, her world"; his much-divorced brother, a gentle, wistful, gallant man, who proved to be "a prey for women and a permanent subsidy for the legal profession." Federov also hovers tenderly over luminous moments from his past: the trip to Nassau Street as a child to buy a new baseball glove, which he would lovingly break in; the spoonful of castor oil at camp, which officially opened the season, and the rites of celebration when the young savages arriving at camp ran out of their bunks utterly naked except for spiked shoes and baseball gloves; his father dancing drunkenly and joyously at a wedding, "giving himself over for a few moments in America to all that was young and Russian in his soul, unfettered by the drab restraints of a heavy-footed Anglo-Saxon society"; Federov's ceremonial trip with his six-year-old son to the Polo Grounds, like the one he himself had made with his own father—the only way he knew to link the generations.

At his best, Irwin Shaw is a fastidious writer with a keen eye, an attentive ear, and a way with a phrase. But *Voices of a Summer Day* seems merely a cluster of retrospective jottings. Its main weakness is the fact that his exploration of the past does not issue in any vision of the present. There is a void at the center of this novel. Shaw—once again like Hemingway—is perennially the young man unwilling or unable to accept the burdens of maturity. The result is a work that has charm and grace and verbal felicity, but curiously little impact.

The Saving Surrender to Reality

***Bruno Santini,** by Vasco Pratolini, translated from the Italian by Raymond Rosenthal (Atlantic-Little, Brown. 313 pp. $5.95), pictures a Florence whose poor can achieve maturity only through the tragedy of compromise. Warrington Winters teaches a course on the contemporary novel—both American and European—at the Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn, New York.*

By WARRINGTON WINTERS

IN VASCO PRATOLINI's naturalistic novels that have been published here (*A Tale of Poor Lovers, A Hero of Our Time, The Naked Streets*) he has evidenced a steady growth, which now culminates in *Bruno Santini*. Rooted in the painful dynamic of the author's own life, his own family, and his own class, his sturdy proletariat pushes always stubbornly upward, through the infected atmosphere of the tenements of his native Florence toward the agonizing realization that the poor can achieve maturity only through the tragedy of compromise. We must forget, then, the socialism of a Silone, the poetic existentialism of a Pavese, the grim cynicism of a Moravia. Pratolini's is a more affirmative world.

Bruno Santini concerns two generations. In the first there is Moreno Santini, who had been a Communist and a skilled worker in the huge manufacturing firm of Gali. During the Second World War he defected to Fascism and died in action. His wife refused to believe that he was dead, and so rejected the suit of his best friend, another Communist working for Gali.

It is Bruno, son of Moreno and Ivana, who speaks for the second generation. The author defines this younger group by their special enthusiasm for Eva Marie Saint, Pat Boone, Paul Newman,

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and Tony Curtis, and by references to popular songs (*Something's Got to Give, Learnin' the Blues, Shake, Rattle and Roll*).

Building flashbacks on the long conversations between Ivana and Bruno, the author shows us how the boy grew up in a climate contaminated not only by poverty but also by excessive closeness to his mother. Increasingly apparent as he grows older is the morbid urge on the one hand to replace his father at home and, on the other, the more healthy urge to replace his father in the firm of Gali.

WE come finally to Bruno's tragic love affair with his *alter ego*, Lori, whose passionate, clean-scrubbed idealism turns out, like Bruno's, to be merely a mask for the craven surrender that the poor must always make to reality. For Lori this is symbolized by the terrible revelation that she has given her lovely body to her repulsive, bourgeois brother-in-law, and by her hideous death from acute miliary tuberculosis. "When a person gets sick like this, at my age," she tells Bruno, "it's not because the lungs are sick, it's the evil inside, in the soul, which is exploding." Even Bruno can see this: "A great purity and a dissolute darkness lived together in her soul," he says; "the evil was in her, so that I found it frighteningly just that she would die now. . . ."

Thus Lori must die—is she a Christ figure, after all?—that Bruno may live. In a grand catharsis he conquers the incestuous attachment to his mother, as well as his hostile affinity for his homosexual friend Dino. More important still, he makes the compromise with the Catholics that will enable him to enter the real world of Gali's. "If this sorrow which you have had is useless to you," says the worthy old Don Bonifazi, "if you do not free yourself from it through faith, any other way of freeing yourself won't work." And for Italy, likewise, the solution must be sought in compromise.

The technique by which Pratolini achieves Bruno's catharsis may seem a bit strained, just as his retrospective and anticipatory passages are sometimes drearily tidy, his symbols obtrusive. Still, his characters have life. We have read about death in the miasma of many great cities: Moravia's Rome, Mann's Venice, Genet's Paris, Montherlant's Madrid, even Rechy's Forty-second Street. But death in Pratolini's Florence gives way to a bigger life. Pratolini is a big man and a healthy one. And this is his biggest and best book to date.

(Fiction reviews continue on page 41)

Moon Voyage in 1609...

KEPLER'S DREAM

WITH THE FULL TEXT AND NOTES OF
SOMNIUM, SIVE ASTRONOMIA LUNARIS,
JOANNIS KEPLERI

By SR/SCIENCE EDITOR, JOHN LEAR
Published by University of California Press

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

A Russian Lisa—Serkin and Simon

THE GOOD THINGS that had been retained in memory from a scattering of performances and recordings of Tchaikovsky's *Pique Dame* in the Fifties, and before that in the dimly remembered seasons of the New Opera Company, came to a new focus of esteem in its latest hearings from Thomas Scherman's Concert Opera Association in Philharmonic Hall. This was not so much for the conducting of Scherman, though it was above his average, as for the quality of Jennie Tourel as the Countess and Tamara Milashkina as Lisa.

Quality from Miss Tourel is as expectable as juice from an orange; indeed, she had headed the cast of the New Opera performances in the Forties. But in Miss Milashkina, one had the rare experience of hearing Lisa sung by such a voice as Tchaikovsky might have had in mind. This is not wholly unaccountable, for Miss Milashkina is a soprano of the Bolshoi Opera who was brought to New York for the occasion.

In the early moments of the role, including the charming duet with Miss Tourel (here doubling as Pauline), Miss Milashkina confided a lovely *mezza-voce* quality and a superior kind of musicianship to her listeners. As the need developed for more voice, it came forth in a gush, but more than a little uncontrolled. As the act moved toward its climax, in the duet of Lisa and Hermann, the voice resolved into a strong, well-matched scale that was full at the bottom, rich in the middle, and lustrous at the top. The Russian text was naturally to her advantage and she projected a real sense of character.

Meanwhile, Miss Tourel was giving her young colleague the benefit of her quiet authority and very secure sense of style. It may be noted, too, that Miss Tourel continues to apply her resources with unwavering artistry and little adverse evidence of the long background of performance on which it is based. One could find a good deal to admire in the vocal strength of the men (William Lewis as Hermann, John Reardon as Yeletsky, and Russell Christopher as Tomsky), but not so much in the vocal manners or stylistic grace with which it was used. Lewis might well have been singing Turridu, to judge from his sobs and strenuous attacks, and Reardon's second-act aria was mundane, to say the least. He should have consulted Herbert Weinstock's excellent annotation, in which it was properly described as a "tender aria," and guided himself accordingly. Ara Berberian did well what was required of Sourin.

If the pianist in the Philadelphia Orchestra's most recent Carnegie Hall concert played like a young Serkin, there was good reason for it. He was a young Serkin—young Peter Serkin, teen-aged son of the illustrious Rudolf, and he had not previously appeared in New York with a major orchestra in a major hall. To make it all authentically major, he played the K.459 concerto of Mozart, which, as all good concertgoers know, is in F major.

He also played it like a major talent, which is to say with a high sense of articulation, a strong sense of structure, a warm sense of phrase and accent, and a keen sense of the particular kind of concerted concerto this one is. Where a performer has a Serkin for a father (not to mention a mother who is the daughter of Adolf Busch, one of the master violinists of his time), it is almost presumptuous for a critic to intrude. But it may be suggested that, as well as striving for a more evenly sustained pace of performance (rushing is a common trait among young performers), Serkin think less of the bones and vertebrae of structure and more of the pulsating heart of the work. Even in the slow movement, there was more inclination to declaim than to sing, and a little devil-may-care might have been injected into the finale without verging on the reckless.

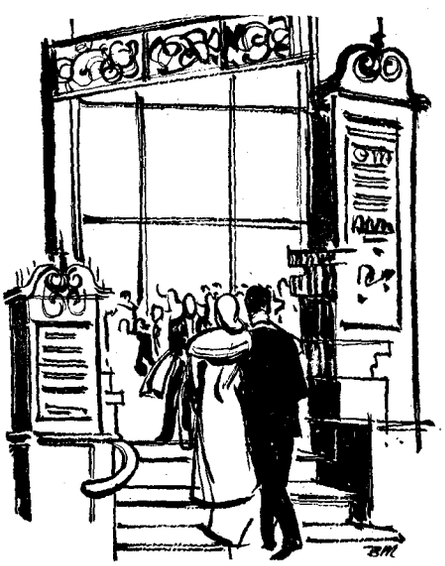
As well as offering his audience a lovable frame of sound for the Mozart, Ormandy indulged them with a special pleasure—the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme* Suite of Strauss, with the orchestra reduced to its brilliant core of solo woodwinds and front-desk strings. This was a kind of sound that one dreams of hearing in an operatic performance of *Ariadne auf Naxos* (which includes more than a little of the same music), and very rarely does. The evening began with a ten-minute piece for orchestra which its composer, Peter Mennin, calls *Canto.* Perhaps the Italian form has more "song" in it than the English, which may make up for a lack of it in the work itself—a well fabricated but essentially dull derivative of Sibelius.

Mendelssohn's *Die Erste Walpurgisnacht* is one of those works that is more read about than heard, a fact that added to the interest of its coupling by Stephen Simon with Berlioz's *Te Deum* on the program of a Schola Cantorum concert in Philharmonic Hall. Its text by Goethe is another, more concise treatment of the pagan celebration on the Brocken than those in his *Faust.*

MENDELSSOHN was barely past twenty-one when he undertook this task, but he had already made an enduring name for himself with his Octet for strings and the *Midsummer Night's Dream* Overture. There is both the facility and the workmanship of these marvelous works in his *Walpurgisnacht,* but also a stroke of genius where it might be least expected—in the chorus of Druids invoking each other to "raise a wild and rattling sound." Here the composer celebrated for his gentility and refinement loosed a shaft of imaginative lightning that illuminates not only the Brocken, but also some dark corners of musical history to come. Here, for the first time known to me, are the churning strings, staccato trumpets, and percussion outbursts that came to be the *Dies irae*—"Day of Wrath"—for Berlioz, for Verdi, and for others.

Simon's grasp of the work went more directly to its drama, including this scene in particular, than to its refinements of design. Specifically, he derived more from the chorus than from the orchestra, an imbalance that may have resulted from limitations on the time spent with them together. However, it was all a substantial stride ahead from the level attained by the young conductor in his Carnegie Hall program in the fall of 1963. Fewer but more meaningful gestures would have improved the liaison between the ensemble and the soloists, of whom tenor Paul Solem was the best. Elizabeth Mannion was the mezzo (in place of the late Lillian Garabedian, a victim of the recent Eastern Airlines crash off Jones Beach), with William Shores, baritone, and Thomas Pyle, bass. All could have profited from the example of the English tenor Richard Lewis, who was soloist in the ensuing *Te Deum* of Berlioz.

—IRVING KOLODIN.



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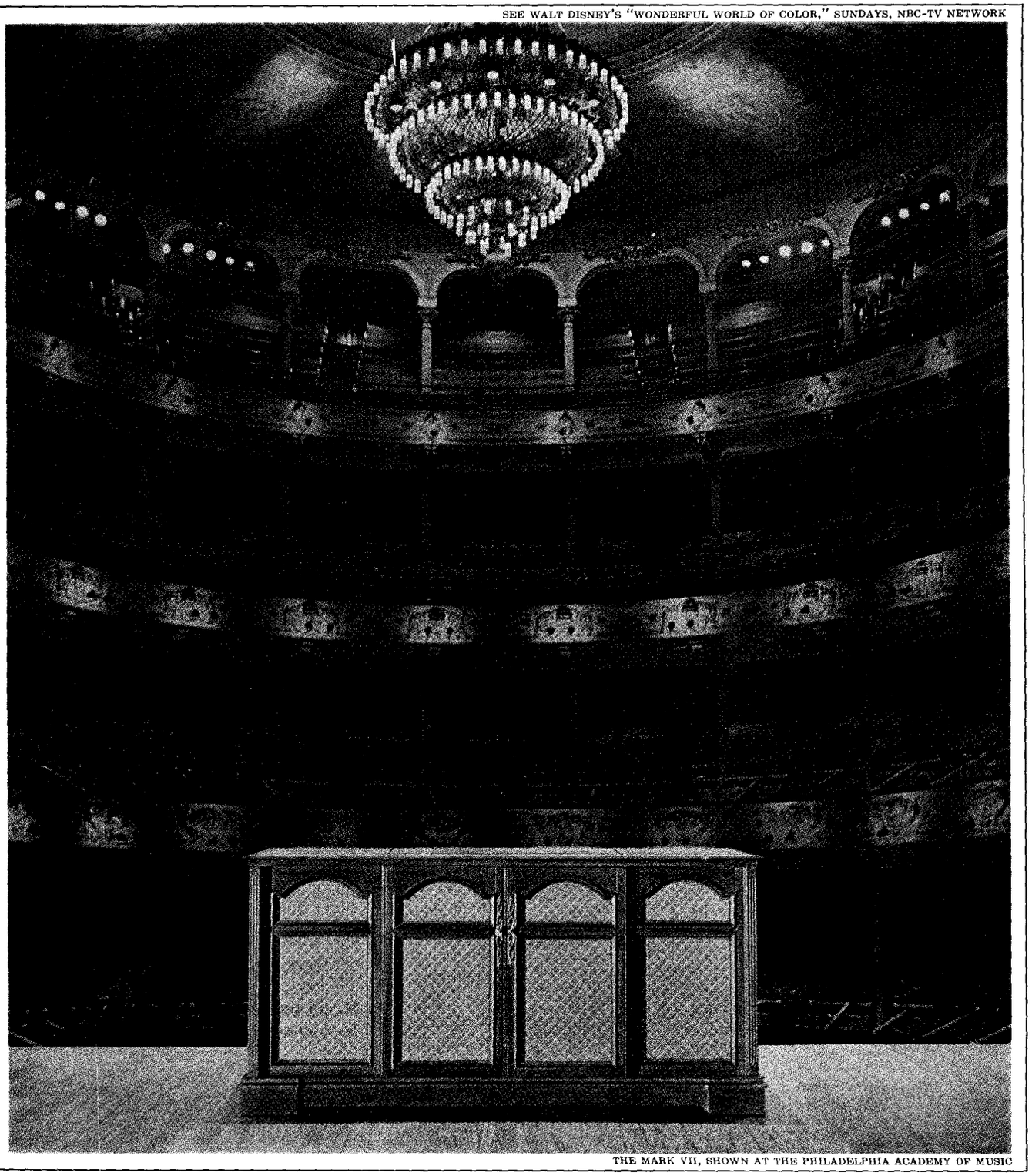

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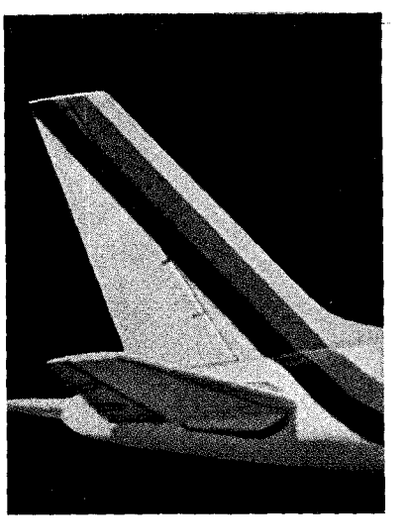

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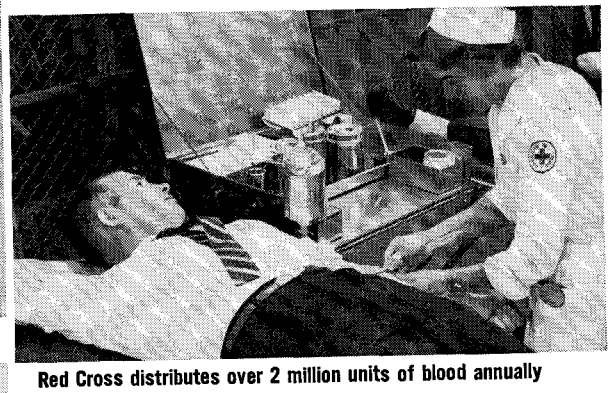

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TV AND RADIO

The Uses of Anonymity

A SHORT STORY in the November issue of *The Journal of the Screen Producers Guild* is entitled "The Sad Saga of Samuel P. Gilder." Its anonymous author is billed as "The Man in the Gray Flannel Mask," and he describes himself as "a well-known (Madison Avenue) coward who, characteristically, chooses to hide his identity behind a pseudonym because he prefers to be a working nonentity rather than an unemployed celebrity."

His caution is understandable. The story is a transparent allegory satirizing the common practice of the three television networks whereby, as a condition of network exhibition, they cut themselves in for a piece of the ownership of programs produced by independent packagers. A prizefight manager in the story develops a promising heavyweight, makes him a champion, but is forced to give New York boxing arena owners a percentage of their purses for all fights. Subpoenaed by Congress during an investigation of boxing, he testifies that he did it of his own free will because "it's only fair." "Forget it," says S. P. Gilder (Screen Producers Guild) to his wife. "Too many of those fellows down there [in Washington] have a 'piece' themselves, or stock in one of the arenas. Nothing'll come of it." The self-styled coward in the gray flannel mask seems realistic enough. He could probably cite specific instances in which networks have taken ownership rights to programs before including them in schedules; but he prefers to "stay in line." He veils his story and doesn't sign his name.

In the same issue, however, there is a factual account of "The Network Role in Television Program Participation," by Addison Mueller, professor of law at UCLA. The guild retained him to make a survey of the networks' "steadily increasing" stake in the television programs they broadcast. The FCC and Congress have been scrutinizing the practice since 1957. Two years ago the commission's Office of Network Study concluded that network program procurement policies "unduly restrict and restrain the competitive development of the market for independently produced network television programs." The matter is still "under study" by the commission, and the magazine's special issue is therefore a timely reminder to the FCC to "drop the other shoe"—to publish Part II of the promised report and get something done.

Professor Mueller has come up with some new figures to illustrate how networks dominate the sources of program production. In 1957, advertisers con-

trolled 32.8 per cent of seventy-seven hours of prime-time evening programs. In 1961, advertiser control had dropped to 11.6 per cent of eighty-eight hours of programing in the same period. Networks took up the slack—not, however, by increasing their own direct program production, which in fact fell from 28.7 per cent in 1958 to 20.4 per cent in 1961. "Instead," writes Professor Mueller, "they leased the productions of the independent producers that had formerly been going to advertisers: the percentage . . . leased . . . increased from 38.5 per cent in 1958 to 68 per cent in 1961." Since then the trend has continued, according to an editor's accompanying footnote. The import of all this is that a buyer's market (the networks) rules, and the seller (the independent producers) must reluctantly share his profits. The networks have flatly denied that their financial stake in a show is a material factor in their selection of programs. The 1962 Network Study Report commented that ". . . it would appear . . . that these circumstances generate normal human motives to enhance the financial position of network companies through choices of programs that they may popularize through network exhibition for their subsequent financial advantage."

The Screen Producers Guild wonders whether the network "lobby" is delaying FCC action, whether further network criticism would be welcomed by "highly placed individuals in the national government known to have interests in stations affiliated with the networks." Is this network policy in the public interest, asks the *Journal*. Is it in restraint of trade? Does it thwart true creativity and threaten free enterprise? The appeal to these shibboleths is suspect. The SPG, naturally enough, wants a larger share of the pie. The *Journal* speaks vaguely of a link between creativity in the public interest and competition for maximum rewards. If networks were restricted in their toll-taking practices, would programs be any different? There would still be only three customers, and maximum circulation—which tends to standardize the product—would still be the goal of both buyer and seller. FCC regulation of networks is long overdue, and any thrust in that direction is useful. But like all talent unions in the entertainment industry, the Screen Producers Guild customarily bleeds for the public interest only when its economic advantage is concerned. An editorial expression of concern for the medium's cultural problems would be more to the point.

But the Man in the Gray Flannel Mask may be right. A few brave members of talent organizations in the past have spoken out publicly about the content of the pie and not the profit. Most of them are no longer working in the industry. —ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and Yetta Arenstein

AND THAT'S MY LAST WORD

In extremis, men prove to be most succinct valedictorians. Witness Caesar's "Et tu, Brute?" Jerome Partacz of Chicago, Illinois, would have you match the following departing souls with their brief farewells. Answers on page 38.

1. Edmund Burke	( ) "Fight on, my merry men."
2. Lord Byron	( ) "Lord, help my soul!"
3. William Hazlitt	( ) "Light! more light!"
4. Earl Douglas	( ) "Independence for ever."
5. Lord Chesterfield	( ) "Give Dayrolles a chair."
6. John Adams	( ) "God bless you."
7. Edgar Allan Poe	( ) "Now, Lord, receive my soul."
8. Goethe	( ) "All is lost! Monks, monks, monks!"
9. George Herbert	( ) "I must sleep now."
10. Henry VIII	( ) "I have led a happy life."

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Ballplayers Under Glass

WHEN I was in Houston last fall reporting on its marvels, it scarcely occurred to me that fortune or some new phenomenon would bring me back so soon. But then I failed to count upon the yeasty atmosphere of Texas, which defies specific gravity, specific sums of money, and a determined chorus of runners-down from neighboring cities who look upon Houston as a cow town with an oversupply of bricks and bucks.

Well, anyway, I was importuned to return, which I was happy enough to do, this time to view a new minor miracle, nine and a half acres of sports stadium that had been entirely enclosed in a plastic dome and air-conditioned. Only moments, it seemed, after I had arrived in town and dropped my bag at Hilton's Shamrock Hotel, I was being urged by an agent for the Carrier Air Conditioning Company—he had me by the lapels, really—to hurry out to a nearby stretch of flatland to see that new marvel, the Dome Stadium, also known, perhaps in loftier circles, as the Astrodome.

From the outside, as we approached it, the dome looked like an intricate Viennese torte that had risen nicely on top and was covered with latticework pastry like pies baked by farm wives. We ascended in an elevator and emerged suddenly in the private viewing quarters of Judge Roy Hofheinz, a fast-talking, fact-spitting, cigar-chewing former judge and former mayor who is now president of the whole domed shebang.

While Judge Hofheinz, a man of some girth, paced the carpeted expanse of our unusual salon, chomping cigars and spewing facts, I sat in one of the giant cushy chairs that were installed in front of huge plate-glass windows. Swiveling easily, I looked out on the incredible view that stretched in front. There, where one might expect circus tanbark, was an unmistakable expanse of grass that, for texture and color, I, as a new grower of lawns, found myself coveting. Cut carefully in the familiar pattern were the unmistakable outlines of a ball diamond. It was a long hit to center field, and the shot up the right-field wall was longer than the cheap homers along the foul line that can be cashed in Yankee Stadium.

But the playing field, even if it was growing grass indoors, was really the least of the view. The stands were the most of it. They stretched in great bands, first red, then purple, then gold and yellow, black and blue, each color indicating a different caste, a different price, and perhaps a different cushion in the seat.

"Every seat that folds up," Hofheinz was saying, looking out on his favorite vista, "has shock absorbers to take up the sound, so when we are partially filled we won't have a sound problem. We have installed a two-million-dollar scoreboard with its own built-in memory system so we will use less voice in the whole game than other places are liable to use in an inning. Every event played here will be recorded on sixteen-millimeter film and fed immediately into a darkroom. In thirty minutes a coach will have a complete record of a game. What's more, if you will notice how the aisles are placed, this is the only ballpark in America where no vendor ever passes in front of a seat."

There would seem to be little business for vendors anyway, for the Dome is to have three public restaurants (one of which, for reasons unexplained, is to have an Austrian beer hall look) and two private clubs. One of the clubs is to have three bars, one 140 feet long, another 90 feet in circumference. If you buy a seat at this Astrodome level, you are entitled to admittance inside the club. The cost is $440 for the seat for the baseball season, plus an initiation fee not yet set. The other club, somewhat more expensive, requires an annual payment of $14,800, which provides the taker with a block of twenty-four seats for all baseball games, plus a private clubroom fitted out with an ice maker, closed-circuit television for those who don't want to sit in their seat to see the game, and catered hors d'oeuvres. This club will also have a Japanese-styled tempura restaurant.

I had a look at some of the individual clubrooms, of which there are fifty-three, and found them decorated in varying motifs. One, with a Western look, had a fireplace, longhorns over the doors, and a lariat and a powder horn hanging on a wall. Another, designed to evoke memories of honeysuckle and hominy grits, is festooned with fake magnolia and wallpaper splattered with scenes of Spanish moss dripping from live oak trees. Should there be a New Englander in the crowd with the price of admission, and willing to spare it, there is a room made for him. It features a barrelhead emerging from one wall, a figurehead that never rode the bow of a ship protruding from a second, and a porthole hung on a third. At last look, forty-eight of the memberships, each of which represents a cost of up to $90,000 over five years just for baseball, had been spoken for.

Spectators with no club to call their own can dine in the Trailblazer Restaurant, where the cuisine will equal that of the club level, although the management, hampered by the local laws, will not be able to serve anything stronger than champagne. The Austrian restaurant, located under the seats, is to be called the Domeskeller. The great unwashed will find nourishment in the

Houston's new Astrodome—a long hit to centerfield.

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Count-Down Cafeteria, where the décor will honor the sporting life from 500 B.C. to the present day.

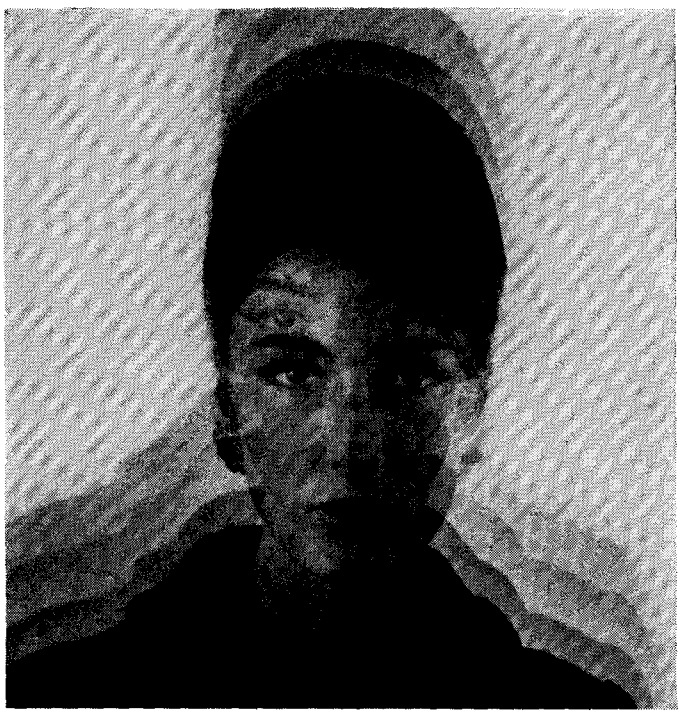
Judge Hofheinz, who fancies himself a man of strong decorating tastes, holds himself responsible for an apartment that has been hung on the outfield wall and that, so far, anyway, has been just for show. A red-carpeted spiral staircase leads from the president's viewing box to the president's apartment, decorated, as I say, by the president. It has stained glass windows, a wall full of Oriental masks, brass lamps dangling from long chains, a gold bath with a gold and white striped washbowl, and a gold six-button phone hanging over the plumbing. It's just a step from the bathroom to the paneled sauna. The centerpiece of the whole suite is a sultan-size bed, called by some the largest playing field in Houston, which rests on a dais guarded by a pair of ferocious-looking foo dogs. There is a huge gong, presumably to summon the players, TV built into a wall, in case anyone wants to see what's going on inside the dome, and an old-style white telephone on which to call for help.

The judge, who sent home 26,000 pounds of artifacts from the Orient when he went there on a visit (some of them were included in the décor), feels that the Madison Avenue people with whom he has to deal would not take him seriously if he did not put on an elaborate show. "If you just look like a tobacco-spitting venture," he says, "it won't work. Whether you like it or not you're in show business." He is just itching to put the decorative touches to the president's offices downstairs. "When I get my own stuff in there, I'm going to mix it up. I don't like too much vanilla." The office, which is being rushed to completion, already features a wall of white onyx with a hidden curtain of floodlamps behind it that can be dimmed or brightened on cue. Seated at his thirteen-foot-long rosewood desk, the judge will have immediate control of three television sets (one color), six radios, and a projection booth. He will be adjoined by his secretary, snug in a travertine-paneled gymnasium of her own, and a private dining room with its own kitchen.

Meanwhile, down on the playing field, athletes representing the Houston Oilers football team, the University of Houston Cougars, and the Houston Astros will be disporting themselves on the velvet grass. The Astros, local agents of the National League, were formerly known as the Houston Colt 45s, a name that was abandoned when the Colt firearms people got a new president who demanded a slice of the gate for the continued use of the name. The simultaneous arrival in Houston of the NASA space center inspired the new handle.

Besides the ball teams, the Dome will

The French have a word for everything



except "clickety-clack"

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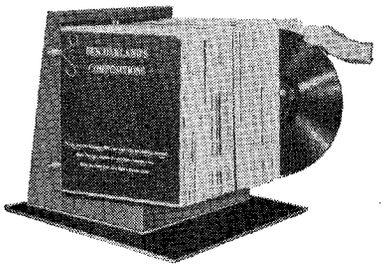

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Coming March 13

The Traveler in Europe

SR's Spring Travel Issue

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 4, 7, 8, 6, 5, 1, 9, 10, 2, 3.

also play the Houston livestock show and rodeo, conventions, Billy Graham and other religious conclaves, shows and circuses and boxing matches. A flick of a switch turns around two whole bleacher units that ride on tracks from their position along a baseball diamond to the sidelines of a football field.

Although the stadium is circular and presumably could accommodate sports-in-the-round, one whole section of wall has been set aside for the scoreboard, an elaborate affair that cost $2,000,000, took two companies to build, and has one sponsor, Gulf Oil. It will also require eight people to operate since the board not only has a built-in "memory" but also incorporates an elaborate forty-second display that is touched off every time the Astros hit a homer. Upon a circuit blow, a gong will sound, the hitter's picture will appear in electronic image in center field, and electric cowboys will do a small schottische, then fire guns. The bullets will ricochet the length and breadth of the board. While the ballplayer is running bases, a bull appears and snorts, one cowboy comes out with the American flag and another with the Texas flag. The whole two-dollar wedding comes to a giant climax with a great crashing crescendo. Home runs hit by the opposition are to be greeted with polite silence.

The idea of an indoor ball park probably derives from the invention of air conditioning, generally credited to Willis Haviland Carrier in 1902. Thirty-seven years later, when his invention had been considerably perfected, Mr. Carrier predicted that someday whole areas of cities will be domed over for weather control. The Astrodome in Houston is probably the biggest step in this direction. It expects to clock its best gate on days when it's raining outside and there is no golf, no tennis, no boating, and no picnics. Says Judge Hofheinz: "Then people will say, 'Let's go to the ball game.'"

To make the whole thing feasible, Carrier has installed 6,600 tons of cooling capacity, which can give off the same amount of chill air as the daily melting of a football field caked with five feet of ice. The only larger systems are in the Pentagon, the Merchandise Mart in Chicago, the Pan Am Building, and the Chase Bank building in downtown New York. Presumably all occupants of all these other buildings could survive if the air conditioning went off. On the other hand, it is absolutely vital to a stadium packed with 45,000 people. Each person gives off the same heat as a 100-watt bulb, if not the glare, and the audience would literally roast to death before it could expire from lack of oxygen. What's more, some air conditioning has to be kept on continually; otherwise the moisture from the grass would cause an indoor rainstorm when the system was turned on and the initial blast of cold air met the wet warm air. That simply can't happen in Houston. The Astrodome is the only ballpark in the country that doesn't issue rainchecks.

—Horace Sutton.

"Let's cut it short—I'm cold."

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A Director Redeems Himself

LONDON.

HONOR, faithfulness to an accepted standard of conduct, and the codes of what is assumed to be civilized society are hardly matters that concern today's novelists, who, more often than not, pursue wispy trails of negation through morasses of existentialist misery. Yet the work of Conrad, who dealt probingly with such themes, retains its freshness and fascination, and a new film, *Lord Jim*, based on the novel written sixty-five years ago, shows not the least hesitation in stating that a man's conscience is still a powerful motivating force in his actions. There are other opportunities, too, for those willing to undertake the challenge of bringing Conrad to the screen, among them that of dealing with the picturesque and the exotic. Then there is that solitary, outcast hero, undeniably romantic, and at the same time displaying obsessive, and enigmatic qualities. The peril, for the film-maker, is that this kind of hero, taken out of Conrad's stylistic context, can appear all too simple and, as a result, unreal.

Richard Brooks, who adapted the novel and directed the film, has managed to skirt the peril and take advantage of his opportunities. Some years ago he tackled *The Brothers Karamazov* and met defeat. Unable to go to Russia, he made the movie on the motherland of MGM, used actors not altogether suitable for their roles, and presumably learned a hard lesson.

This time he has looked over his ground much more carefully, prepared far more thoroughly, and has done far, far better. It took him two years to carve a screenplay from all the quotation marks within the quotation marks of the convoluted novel and to scout the tropic backgrounds that might best convey the Conrad quality. He also got himself a first-rate cast.

Luckily for someone as dedicated as Brooks, in this case he had Peter O'Toole, an actor for whom the playing of the dedicated hero seems easy and natural.

The Jim of the novel is a simple fellow on the surface. But what makes him intriguing is the depth of his conscience. He made one step in his young life that struck him as wrong, false, and cowardly, and from that time on he devoted himself to the job of recovering his own sense of honor. O'Toole suggests both the simplicity and the complexity, and if at times the essence of what Conrad's narrator, Marlow, found in Jim seems beyond him, it may be that the motion picture form itself is incapable of that degree of sublety.

And probably it is just this nagging, subtle pursuit of the ineffable indulged in by Conrad that proved to be the great obstacle faced by Brooks, who was forced to convey through actors what a great writer was able to convey through language. Not that Conrad was wholly without fault, by the way. There are passages in *Lord Jim* that strike us now as wordy and windy. Sometimes his enthusiastic sketching of tropical atmosphere is too florid and purple for full belief. Here the film-maker has an advantage, if he does his work well, or is lucky enough to find a few corners of the world that still look like what Conrad was describing. Brooks used the docks of Kowloon to suggest the turn-of-the-century Eastern seaports, and he went to Cambodia in search of Conrad's symbolic jungle paradise of Patusan.

Brooks makes use of the Marlow narrator device, but hardly to the degree employed by Conrad. As Marlow, Jack Hawkins sketches in Jim's early experience as a youth being trained for leadership at sea and the way he was imbued with roseate visions of heroic behavior during times of stress. Jim was "one of us," says Marlow, meaning that he was one of those who could be trusted to do the right thing at all times. But when the time came to demonstrate his traditional breeding, Jim did the wrong thing: He turned his back for just a moment and instinctively jumped to safety. The occasion was the dire plight of an old rusted heap of a ship carrying 800 Moslem pilgrims on a pious voyage. The ship's name was the *Patna* (Patusan without the "us"), Jim was its first mate, and when it began to take water and seemed about to burst at the seams in the midst of a squall, he followed the vile captain and the seedy officers into a lifeboat that managed to get free. He had never dreamed that he would forsake his duty, but he did.

Daliah Lavi in Lord Jim—pleasant surprise.

Tried by a court of inquiry and dishonored, he eventually heads into the mysterious depths of the Malay Archipelago, there to become legendary as he leads the natives against an oppressive warlord and greedy, exploiting white traders. In these passages Brooks is at his best and worst. On the one hand, he fills the screen with visually exciting photography that makes use of the ruins of Angkor Wat without making it seem like a jungle tour courtesy of Cook's, and on the other he turns into melodrama what in the book was a much more fanciful and elaborate story of native-white man intrigue. But every now and then, breaking through the well-staged melodrama is a clear sense of what Conrad was getting at. Jim is not fighting for his physical life, he is fighting for his essential life, and if this means accepting his death, then he will accept. Given the chance not to flinch in his critical moment, he remembers the *Patna* and makes his choice. The simple man of faith and action is now one following an ideal that only he seems to be aware of.

Here, obviously, is unusual motion picture material, and Richard Brooks (like Columbia Pictures, the company that backed him with a high budget and unlimited freedom) deserves great credit. It seems clear that if he had tried to express more through words he would have run the risk of a static motion picture. As it is, he weights his dialogue just to a point short of becoming sententious, then heads briskly back to the vivid goings-on. His actors all struck me as splendid. James Mason's portrait of Gentleman Brown is magnificent in its villainous appropriateness, Eli Wallach is fine as an Arab officer, and Paul Lucas, Curt Jurgens, and Akim Tamiroff have the look of Conrad characters about them. Daliah Lavi, playing the Malay-Dutch girl Jim marries, is surprisingly better than the types one usually expects to find in such roles. If the film doesn't have the classic stature of its progenitor, it is a beautiful one to watch and Richard Brooks can now, in good conscience, claim his place among the important American film-makers.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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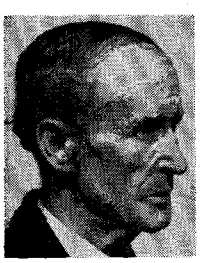

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BOOKS

Nonfiction

JOYCE CARY'S AFRICA, M. M. MAHOOD. Houghton Mifflin, $4.50 (*SR,* Feb. 20)— A study of the African novels reveals the evolving ideas that shaped Cary's totality as a writer.

THIS PEOPLE ISRAEL: THE MEANING OF JEWISH EXISTENCE, Leo Baeck; tr. from the German by Albert H. Friedlander. Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $9.50 (*SR,* Jan. 30) —Completed on scraps of paper at Theresienstadt, this spiritual testament describes how the Jews evolved the institutions that became part of their destiny.

POLITICAL SUCCESSION IN THE USSR, Myron Rush. Columbia, $5.95 (*SR,* Feb. 13)— Now is the time to influence developments in the Kremlin, argues the author of this analysis of power at the helm of the Soviet Union.

THE GREAT DEBATE: THEORIES OF NUCLEAR STRATEGY, Raymond Aron; tr. from the French by Ernest Pawel. Doubleday, $4.95 (*SR,* Feb. 6)—A critic of De Gaulle provides a barometer of the climate of opinion in Europe.

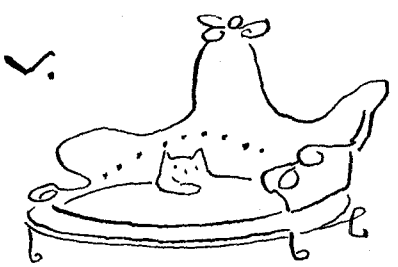
CATHERINE THE GREAT, Zoé Oldenbourg; tr. from the French by Anne Carter. Pantheon, $5.95 (*SR,* Jan. 23)—An empress whose influence extended far beyond the world of nineteenth-century Russia is pictured through the eyes of a historical novelist.

LOVE AND REVOLUTION: MY JOURNEY THROUGH AN EPOCH, Max Eastman. Random House, $8.95 (*SR,* Feb. 6)—Discursive, informal, gossipy, this sequel to *Enjoyment of Living* reveals a man who has been totally engaged with his times.

Fiction

THE CLOWN, Heinrich Böll; tr. from the German by Leila Vennewitz. McGraw-Hill, $5 (*SR,* Jan. 30)—This harlequin weeps not only for his own ineffectuality, but for the hypocrisy and vacuity infesting his country.

SOUL OF WOOD AND OTHER STORIES, Jakov Lind; tr. from the German by Ralph Manheim. Grove, $3.95 (*SR,* Jan. 30)—Stark vision and painful humor characterize a splendid storyteller, who speaks unflinchingly of cannibals, corpses, idiots.



MOVIES

HUSH, SWEET CHARLOTTE (*SR,* Jan. 23)— Director of *What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?* recasts Bette Davis in a new Gothic shocker, this time as a wealthy woman whose sidekicks in suspense are Olivia de Havilland and Agnes Morehead.

NOTHING BUT A MAN (*SR,* Jan. 30)—Two young film-makers aptly demonstrate what constitutes competent, honest film-making in the story of a young Negro couple in the South. Good acting by Ivan Dixon and Gloria Foster.

RED DESERT (*SR,* Feb. 20)—Antonioni's first color film paints patterns of haunting exquisiteness while once more he portrays with consummate artistry the terror of a woman estranged from life. Monica Vitti again, this time with Richard Harris.

ART

Exhibitions

THE BUFFALO FESTIVAL OF THE ARTS TODAY, Buffalo, N.Y.—Includes exhibitions, recitals, concerts, lectures, round tables, and performances covering all aspects of avant-garde art. A major exhibition at the Albright-Knox Art Gallery, "Art Today: Kinetic and Optic," devotes three special galleries to the motion sculpture of Len Lye and Nicolas Schöffer.

THE ROMANTIC ERA: FRENCH AND BRITISH PAINTING, 1750-1850, Herron Museum of Art, Indianapolis — Fifty-five important paintings borrowed from the United States, Canada, and Great Britain stress the development and flowering of Romantic art in England and France. Among distinguished artists represented are Fragonard, Gainsborough, Blake, David, Ingres, Constable, Turner, and Corot.

ANCIENT SCULPTURE FROM INDIA, Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York—Masterpieces of sculpture from twenty-two Indian museums comprise the most important exhibition of Indian art ever held in the United States. More than 100 works span 4,000 years from 2500 B.C. to the fifteenth century.

THE RESPONSIVE EYE, Museum of Modern Art, New York—Representing eighteen countries, the exhibition deals with optical surprises, a much-stressed direction in present-day painting and sculpture.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Exhibitions

NEHRU MEMORIAL EXHIBITION, New York —Pictorial biography at its best in an installation of 1,100 photographs selected from family albums, documentary films, wire-service files, and Library of Congress collections. Especially noteworthy is the "history wall"—a panoramic photo-index relating each year of Nehru's life to events in India and the world.

Books

BEHOLD THY MOTHER, Shirley Burden. Doubleday, $7.50—Sensitive picture essay on Lourdes by the man Steichen has called a "poet of photography and words."

THEATER

THE NEW PINTER PLAYS (*SR,* Dec. 27)— *The Room* and *A Slight Ache* moodily explore the danger areas around two complacent marriages.

WAR AND PEACE (*SR,* Feb. 6)—Handsome, theatrical mounting of dramatic and significant moments from the Tolstoy novel.

GOLDEN BOY (*SR,* Nov. 7)—Sammy Davis as a man between two worlds in an excitingly produced musical.

TINY ALICE (*SR,* Jan. 16 and 30)—Edward Albee's confounding parable of man and the universe.

TARTUFFE (*SR,* Feb. 6)—Merry presentation of Molière's great comedy. Also . . . **THE FANTASTICKS, THE KNACK, THE TROJAN WOMEN, THE SUBJECT WAS ROSES, PICTURES IN THE HALLWAY.** If you're lucky enough to get tickets: **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF** and **LUV.**

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The Enemies Who Would Be Friends

Hurry Sundown, *by K. B. Gilden (Doubleday. 1,046 pp. $7.95), follows the tribulations of two Georgia farmers who would be brothers but for the impediment of their different pigmentation. Cecil Hemley is a poet, editor, and novelist.*

By CECIL HEMLEY

AS PROBABLY everyone knows by this time, *Hurry Sundown* was written by a husband-and-wife team and is a huge, amorphous, phenomenally successful novel dealing with racial tensions in the South. Many reviewers, although admitting that the novel has serious structural flaws, have spoken of it with admiration. To them the book is compelling, fascinating, engrossing. The adjectives I would use to describe it are doughy, pretentious, boring.

The novel is at least twice too long and is filled with passages of false poetry that are so banal as to be almost beyond belief. We learn "that the next day dawned innocent as a child, the air clean washed." But later, "the morning's freshness had evaporated, and a glassy heat had descended over the countryside impaling the scene in aching-bright quietude." Nor are these barbarisms by any means the worst to be found in the book. The Gildens have a genius for always finding the inappropriate metaphor.

They are also masters at converting the real into the spurious. Most of the country hardly needs to be told how significant the events are that have been occurring in the South. The government has made its position exceedingly clear by sending troops into Little Rock and marshals into Oxford. Private citizens, both white and Negro, are daily risking martyrdom to make racial equality a reality. But somehow the Gildens manage to trivialize this great drama. The people they write about are scarcely people at all. They move like puppets and have no voices of their own. What one is seeing is really an allegorical shadow play, willed into being by two individuals who unquestionably wish the world well but do not see into it very deeply.

The main plot of the novel deals with the attempt of a large Northern insurance company to buy up the holdings of two Georgia farmers. The insurance firm is involved in a vast agricultural enterprise and is being circumvented in the completion of its plans by the two hold-outs. Interestingly enough, one of the hold-outs is white, and the other is black. What is more, their farms adjoin each other. A further parallel is that they are both veterans who have served their country well in the recent great conflict. Both are hard workers, nice fellows with pleasing dispositions. All they want is to be left in peace to cultivate their own acres. As children they used to play together; it was only as they grew older that they learned that friendship between them would not be tolerated. The white man's name is Rad, and the Negro is called Reeve. Rad and Reeve would really like to shake hands and work together against their common enemy, the insurance company; alone they are weak, but together they would be strong.

By a curious coincidence Rad's cousin Henry is the agent of the soulless corporation that wants to snuff out Rad and Reeve. Once Henry gets busy with his shenanigans everything happens. But who cares what happens to symbols? Whatever excitement *Hurry Sundown* does have comes about through remembering what actually is going on in the South. Instead of the fiction interpreting reality, here reality interprets the fiction.

Yet, painful though the reading of this novel was for me, it did make me nostalgic. When I was a young man in the Thirties there were scores of such novels written every year. I followed the adventures of Rad and Reeve, under different names, from the garment factories of New York to the orchards of California. It was always difficult for these two to shake hands but finally they of course managed to do it. Sometimes Rad was a union organizer and Reeve a good-hearted fellow who didn't understand how antisocial it was for him to be a scab. At other times Rad was a worker and Reeve a farmer who hadn't as yet discovered how much the country needed a Farmer-Labor party. I must say though that this is the longest book I have ever read about Rad and Reeve, and, as far as I am concerned, it needs no sequel.

The Authors: Except for the Silver Star that he wears in the lapel of his jacket (he has also received the Croix de Guerre with Vermilion Star, Purple Heart with Oak Leaf Cluster, Presidential Unit Citation, and five campaign stars), there is nothing about Bert—or Katya—Gilden to suggest courage. Except for a small mound of mink on top of her head ("I didn't buy a mink coat, just a hat."), there is nothing about Katya—or Bert—Gilden to suggest money. They appear to be a very non-special married couple somewhere in their forties who have developed the maddening habit of talking in tandem, building a conversation by speaking alternating sentences. Only if you know that Katya and Bert Gilden are K. B. Gilden, author of *Hurry Sundown,* will you also know that they are a very special couple, with courage behind them and money ahead. As for their team-talking, it makes perfect sense when you realize that they have spent fourteen years of their lives, 1949 to 1963, collaborating on their novel. During that time Bert worked the 4 P.M. to midnight shifts at various factories in the Bridgeport, Connecticut, area to take care of himself, Katya, their three sons, and the mortgage payments on the modest house in the attic of which *Hurry Sundown* grew to its finished 1,046 pages.

There was little writing success behind either of the Gildens to justify their fourteen-year plunge. Bert had not sold his *Georgia Spring* (the basis for *Hurry Sundown*), written in 1947 during a four-year period spent in Georgia "writing, studying, recuperating in body and spirit from effects of the war." Katya had attracted some attention with 300 pages of a novel called *So Full of Life,* which grew out of three years' work among juvenile delinquents in Harlem. She was living on $15 a week when she received a $100 check from Eleanor Roosevelt, who had been shown the manuscript by a mutual friend. Katya remembers walking twenty-five blocks to Mrs. Roosevelt's bank to cash the check "because I didn't have a nickel for the bus."

The Gildens met and married in the summer of 1947: Bert had come north

Katya and Bert Gilden—"courage behind them and money ahead."

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seeking funds for an interracial veteran-farmers project; Katya was director of research and information for the Unitarian Service Committee. Before *Hurry Sundown* their collaborative efforts produced a few short story sales—they wrote sixteen—and four TV plays, of which one sold but was never produced. These early writings were done under the name B. K. Gilden. According to Bert, K. B. Gilden was born with *Hurry Sundown*. "It wasn't quite chivalrous to have the man's name first. Besides, our writing situation had changed. Katya was contributing much more." Katya Gilden says the collaboration is built on "my sense for language and character, Bert's sense of construction and drama."

THEIR publisher plunged heavily on *Hurry Sundown*, something that is rarely done in the case of first novels by unknowns. At the end of September 1964, a good three months before publication day (January 8, 1965), Doubleday sent out 5,000 specially-bound advance copies of the novel to "reviewers, our salesmen, to bookstore owners, publicity people and editors at other publishing houses, radio and TV people —anyone we could think of," according to one of the men involved in the publicity push. Considering the length of the novel, the advance mailing to critics was common sense if Doubleday hoped for reviews. The bulk of the mailing, however, was to get the book talked about—even if not read—before publication day. The 5,000 books paid off big. *Hurry Sundown* approached "pub day" with the power of an avalanche. Otto Preminger bought the movie rights, the Literary Guild had a special two-volume edition printed for its membership (an estimated sale of 500,000 copies) and within one month after publication *Hurry Sundown* was in its fifth printing (300,000 copies) with the end nowhere in sight.

B.G.: "We've sold everything but the magazine rights."

K.G.: "The book couldn't be condensed and didn't lend itself to excerption."

B.G.: "One top magazine had the book three times but couldn't cut it."

K.G.: "Everyone wanted us to cut it but no one could tell us how."

B.G.: "Our greatest concern is with the prefabricated success of the book. The Literary Guild, the movie sale, comparisons to *Gone with the Wind*—we are worried that the book won't be given a fair shake on its own merits."

K.G.: "It feels as if it is all happening to someone else. We are squares, I guess, but we are unabashedly enjoying it."

B.G.: "We are concerned about the reaction to the book in the South. In both the Negro and the white communities. We have tried to write sympathetically about both groups. We hope —are you listening to this?"

K.G.: "I am."

B.G.: "We hope it gets through to them that we have attempted to present them in truly human forms."

The main thing that has come from the Gildens' best-seller is a sprawling, sixteen-room house on two acres of land. "It means a bedroom for each of the boys and a ping pong table," they said. "We've been promising them that for years, 'whenever *Hurry Sundown* is published.' "

K. and B. Gilden smiled at each other and one—or both—of them said: "I think our boys are kind of suspicious about what's been going on. Perhaps they are fearful that we are moving out of the home orbit. But maybe they have gained in poise because we have done what we wanted to do. They have grown up always hearing 'someday.' Well, someday has arrived!"

—HASKEL FRANKEL.

Divided Conscience, Common Cause

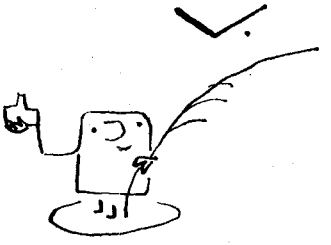
***A Bend in the Ganges,** by Manohar Malgonkar (Viking. 371 pp. $5.95), follows the lives of several Indians through World War II and the Moslem-Hindu strife that led to the partition. K. Natwar-Singh is editor of "E. M. Forster: A Tribute" and author of the forthcoming "The Legacy of Nehru."*

By K. NATWAR-SINGH

MANOHAR MALGONKAR's previous novel, *The Princess*, was skillful and entertaining. It earned for him, rightly I think, a reputation as a *raconteur* of high caliber. His new book, *A Bend in the Ganges*, is more melodramatic but less satisfying. The plot is competently organized but not well thought out, while the chronology is at times bizarre. The story opens with a brilliance it fails to sustain, and it deteriorates rapidly. Moreover, the author frequently strikes a jarring note by injecting his own political prejudices; the narrative suffers, and we are none the wiser. There are other flaws, which a writer of Mr. Malgonkar's gifts could have avoided. A good memory is no substitute for imagination; reportage cannot be dressed up as literature. Too many passages in the latter half of the novel read like newspaper articles, hectic and unassimilated accumulations of incidents. There is also a tendency to place excessive reliance on the exotic and the colorful.

The story, often absorbing and gripping, revolves around two young men, Debi-dayal Kerwad and Gian Talwar, who come from divergent social backgrounds. Debi is the terrorist son of wealthy, pseudo-Westernized, pro-British parents. His "breathtakingly attractive" younger sister, Sundari, provides a link with *la dolce vita à l'Indien*. Gian Talwar, a follower of Gandhi, is the muddle-headed, rather disagreeable offspring of honest and honorable village folk. His grandmother, Aji, and his elder brother, Hari, are minor but impressive characters who hold more of our interest and attention than the major figures. When Hari is killed as the result of a family feud, Gian commits murder in his turn to avenge him, and is sentenced to imprisonment in the Andaman Islands in the Bay of Bengal. World War II has just broken out.

In the prison Gian meets his college classmate Debi-dayal, who has been convicted of burning a British plane and blowing up trains with explosives stolen from his father's factory. Gian's



cooperative behavior toward the British prison officials earns him a trusted post as a clerk, but unintentionally he causes Debi to be suspected of writing pro-Nazi slogans around the jail, and finally, without really meaning to, he betrays Debi's attack on a guard and attempted escape.

Upon the capture of the Andamans by the Japanese, the two young men make separate and dramatic escapes to the Indian mainland. Their lives cross once more during the events that lead to the country's partition in 1947, the book's climax.

A Bend in the Ganges has intrigue, treachery, and violence; the author has in addition included enough erotic adventure, marital and otherwise, to make it a highly sexessful novel.

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Challenge of the Myth and Mask

The Gayety of Vision: A Study of Isak Dinesen's Art, *by Robert Langbaum (Random House. 305 pp. $5.95), and* ***Isak Dinesen: A Memorial,*** *edited by Clara Svendsen (Random House. 209 pp. $5), pay tribute to an extraordinary woman and writer, whose characters are "artists of their own personalities." Victor Lange is chairman of the Department of Germanic Languages and Literature at Princeton.*

By VICTOR LANGE

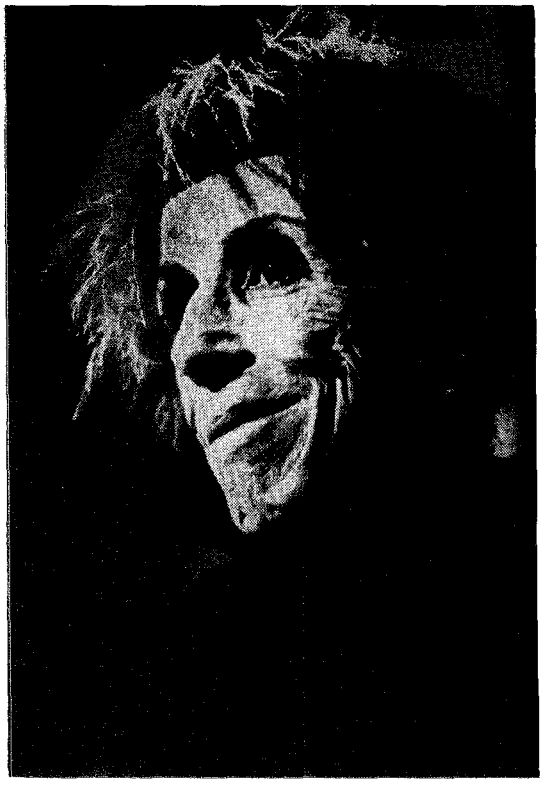
NO ONE who heard or met Isak Dinesen in 1959 on her last visit to the United States will forget that frail, alert, and disciplined figure who produced, by an intense concentration on the web of her storytelling, the impression of magic. Those who have admired her elegant craftsmanship, the superb blend in her work of remembered anectodal detail and a sense of the irrational that gives it light and meaning, have long known that her work is one of the subtlest achievements of contemporary literature. But it is only a study as perceptive and circumspect as Robert Langbaum's *The Gayety of Vision* that can reveal the intellectual and formal coherence of Isak Dinesen's writings. From his meticulous survey of her life, her convictions, and her purposes as an artist there emerges a portrait not merely of an aristocratic and fastidious woman who produced stories of an old-fashioned, romantic power, but of a major and significant contemporary writer.

Mr. Langbaum's book contains a good deal of fresh and revealing biographical information, some of it gathered in enviable conversations with the author herself; but it is above all a piece of first-rate literary criticism, which moves from a close textual analysis to larger issues of cultural judgment. As he examines, one by one, all the stories in Isak Dinesen's collections, from *Seven Gothic Tales* and *Out of Africa* ("the best prose pastoral of our time") to *Winter's Tales, Shadows on the Grass,* and *Ehrengard,* focusing upon each gesture, each detail, each turn of these concentrated narratives, Professor Langbaum illuminates the faith and the intellectual assumptions that make them moving and impressive.

What concerns him most is the specific character of Isak Dinesen's romantic vision. She confronts, he argues convincingly, figures of firmly defined behavior, living in a world that is socially and culturally self-assured, with moments of experience which irrationally and imaginatively challenge their established ways of life. This recurring purpose produces a kind of fiction which on the one hand superbly draws on the sophisticated conventions of the European aristocracy ("Europe as a marvelous configuration of mind and spirit"), and on the other invokes the world of myth and superstition which she herself found in Africa. While "she reinvigorated the romantic tradition because she rediscovered in Africa the validity of all the romantic myths that located spirit in the elemental," by the same token she could not have seen Africa as she did had she not "brought eyes to it prepared by European romanticism."

WITH her talent for rich orchestration, picturesque setting, and dramatic construction, Isak Dinesen is, Mr. Langbaum rightly argues, a "modern" romantic: in the spirit of Kleist's celebrated essay "Marionette Theater" she recognizes that "art must recapture for our consciousness that data of unconscious knowledge and thus regain for us our lost unity of perception through an expansion of consciousness." Like Rilke, Kafka, Joyce, Eliot, and Yeats, she takes off from that sense of individuality developed in the nineteenth century to the point of morbidity, and leads that individuality where it wants to go—back to a connection with the external world and to a universal principle. Like Thomas Mann, who in his most important work, the *Joseph Tales,* took the step from the bourgeois and the individual to the mythical and the typical, thus creating figures who act out their own mythical memories, Isak Dinesen's characters are "artists of their own personalities in that they know what powers they draw upon." All her stories relate the quest for identity, for the self that is deeply imbedded in the unconscious, that constitues itself in social roles and archetypal identities, and that is made intelligible to us through the symbols of art.

The subtleties of Isak Dinesen's fiction, the devices by which she makes the essence of a figure tangible and elaborates the masks that conceal as well as reveal it, are admirably demonstrated in Mr. Langbaum's study. If her vision of life seems at times to suggest a model of almost fatalistic acceptance, it is based on a courageous awareness of the multifarious levels of reality in which we are involved. Such awareness, embracing as it does the senses as well as cultural and biological memory, should enable us to see life in its comic as well as its tragic aspect, "as the storyteller does, as we may imagine God does. We see it as beautiful and sad—and gay."



—*Pictorial Parade.*

Isak Dinesen—"a 'modern' romantic."

THIS "gayety of vision" also runs through the charming *Isak Dinesen: A Memorial,* which contains testimonials and reflections by some fifty of the writer's friends and admirers. These pieces, however slight, convey the fascination and the gratitude that Isak Dinesen's presence and friendship evoked in all who knew her. Clara Svendsen, for the last twenty years the novelist's close companion, has here assembled a moving tribute to an extraordinary human being, cultivated, skeptical, and resolute in her moral judgments, her life, and her artistic purpose. Mr. Langbaum, in his own contribution to this volume, a splendid analysis of *Out of Africa,* gives us in one sentence the best reason why one must admire her: "It is because Isak Dinesen had courage—both courage in the ordinary sense and the existential courage to be one's self and to follow the logic of one's own nature—that her life and her work are all of one piece: that she was able to write stories distinguished by the courage that in art we call style, and to create for herself a life and personality as audacious, extravagant, surprising, and, yes, as shocking, too, as her stories."

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SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Art

RELICS OF ANCIENT CHINA FROM THE COLLECTION OF DR. PAUL SINGER. By Max Loehr. Abrams. $15.

Business, Economics

RAILROADS AND REGULATION, 1877-1916. By Gabriel Kolko. Princeton Univ. Press. $5.

Crime, Suspense

ECHO ANSWERS MURDER. By Nigel Fitzgerald. Macmillan. $3.95.

THE FUGITIVE PIGEON. By Donald Westlake. Random House. $3.95.

PROGENY OF THE ADDER. By Leslie H. Whitten. Doubleday. $3.50.

Current Affairs

THE AMERICAN LANDSCAPE. By Ian Nairn. Random House. Hardbound, $5.95. Paperback, $2.95.

PARTY AND POLICY-MAKING. By Charles O. Jones. Rutgers Univ. Press. $6.50.

RUSSIA AFTER KHRUSHCHEV. By Robert Conquest. Praeger. $5.95.

THE WAR SYSTEM: An Analysis of the Necessity for Political Reason. By Bert Cochran. Macmillan. $5.95.

Education

THE RISE OF AMERICAN EDUCATION: An Annotated Bibliography. By Joe Park. Northwestern Univ. Press. Hardbound, $6. Paperback, $3.50.

Fiction

THE BRIGHT FEATHERS. By John H. Culp. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $4.95.

THE BRINKMAN. By Desmond Meiring. Houghton Mifflin. $5.95.

DON'T STOP THE CARNIVAL. By Herman Wouk. Doubleday. $4.95.

IT CAN'T ALWAYS BE CAVIAR. By Johannes Mario Simmel. Doubleday. $5.95.

KOTCH. By Katharine Topkins. McGraw-Hill. $4.50.

LIONS THREE: CHRISTIANS NOTHING. By Ann Borowik. Pantheon. $4.95.

THE MAIN EXPERIMENT. By Christopher Hodder-Williams. Putnam. $4.95.

THE MAN WHO LOVED CHILDREN. New edition. By Christina Stead. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $5.95.

THE PILLOW FIGHT. By Nicholas Monsarrat. Morrow. $5.95.

PRETTY POLLY BARLOW AND OTHER STORIES, By Noël Coward. Doubleday. $4.50.

THE SENTRIES. By Ed McBain. Simon & Schuster. $4.95.

THE THOUSAND DOORS: A Novel of International Intrigue. By Abraham Rothberg. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $4.95.

TREE AND LEAF. By J. R. R. Tolkien. Houghton Mifflin. $4.

VENUSBERG and AGENTS AND PATIENTS. By Anthony Powell. Little, Brown. $4.75.

History

DAILY LIFE IN GREECE AT THE TIME OF PERICLES. By Robert Flaceliere. Macmillan. $6.95.

LIFE, LAND AND WATER IN ANCIENT PERU. By Paul Kosok. Long Island Univ. Press. $27.50.

A SHORT HISTORY OF LEBANON. By Philip K. Hitti. St. Martin's. $6.

THE VISITOR'S HISTORY OF BRITAIN. By Ronald Hamilton. Houghton Mifflin. $4.50.

WELENSKY'S 4000 DAYS. By Sir Roy Welensky. Roy. $5.75.

Literary Criticism

DANTE. By Thomas G. Bergin. Orion. $6.50.

THE HEROIC TEMPER: Studies in Sophoclean Tragedy. By Bernard M. W. Knox. Univ. of California Press. $6.

Miscellany

ENIGMAS: Another Book of Unexplained Facts. By Rupert Thomas Gould. University Books. $5.

LIFE BEGINS AT FIFTY. By Walter Pitkin, Jr. Simon & Schuster. $4.95.

MY FRIEND THE GARDEN. By Fernand Lequenne. Doubleday. $4.95.

ODDITIES: A Book of Unexplained Facts. By Rupert Thomas Gould. University Books. $5.

THEY WILL BE HEARD: America's Crusading Newspaper Editors. By Jonathan Daniels. McGraw-Hill. $5.95.

THE WRITING AND SELLING OF FICTION. By Paul R. Reynolds. Doubleday. $4.50.

Personal History

ALBERT, PRINCE CONSORT. By Hector Bolitho. Bobbs-Merrill. $5.95.

BEHIND BARS. By Julius A. Leibert with Emily Kingsbery. Doubleday. $4.50.

C. P. SNOW. By Jerome Thrale. Scribners. $3.50.

HAILE SELASSIE: The Conquering Lion. By Leonard Mosley. Prentice-Hall. $6.95.

HOUSE WITH A HUNDRED GATES. By April Oursler Armstrong. McGraw-Hill. $5.95.

NOWHERE IS MY HOME. By Lo Kung Yuan. Beacon. $4.95.

"WE WERE FIVE": The Dionne Quintuplets' Story. By James Brough with Annette, Cécile, Marie, and Yvonne Dionne. Simon & Schuster. $5.

Poetry

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF FREDERICK GODDARD TUCKERMAN. Edited by N. Scott Momaday. Oxford Univ. Press. $6.50.

Psychology

PSYCHOPATHIA SEXUALIS. By R. von Krafft-Ebing. Putnam. $4.95.

Reference

HUTCHINSON'S NEW TWENTIETH CENTURY ENCYCLOPEDIA. Edited by E. M. Horsley. Hawthorn. $9.95.

PICTORIAL BIBLICAL ENCYCLOPEDIA. Edited by Gaalyahu Cornfeld. Macmillan. $17.50.

Religion, Philosophy

CONVERSATIONS ON THE EDGE OF ETERNITY. By Mary K. Blackmar. Morrow. $3.50.

THE PREACHING WORD. By Otto Semmelroth, S.J. Herder & Herder. $4.95.

SACRAMENTS AND ORTHODOXY. By Alexander Schmemann. Herder & Herder. $3.50.

THE STRUCTURE OF CATECHETICS. By Marcel van Caster, S.J. Herder & Herder. $4.95.

THAT DAY WITH GOD. Edited by William Michael Fine. McGraw-Hill. $4.95.

WHAT IS PROTESTANTISM? By Walter Russell Bowie and Kenneth Giniger. Watts. $4.95.

THE YOUNG PRIEST. By Gaston Courtois. Herder & Herder. $2.75.

Theater

SPONONO. By Alan Paton. Scribners. $3.95. —Compiled by RUTH BROWN.

"Ha! Life imitating art!"

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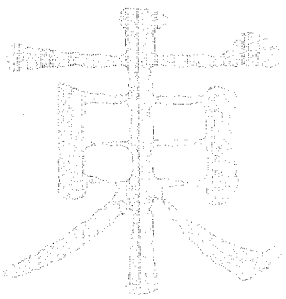
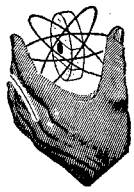


SR / Research

SCIENCE & HUMANITY



DEPARTMENTS: Research in America • Personality Portrait C • Research Frontier

ARTICLE: What Dogs Tell Us About Man's Future

RESEARCH IN AMERICA

HOW RED CHINA IS TAKING SCIENCE TO ITS PEASANTS

AMONG scientists abroad who periodically correspond with *SR*'s science editor is a solid, round-faced British geologist, Dr. C. H. G. Oldham. Dr. Oldham for the last few years has been living with his wife and four children in Hong Kong, studying the Chinese language and learning about modern China under a fellowship from the Institute of Current World Affairs. From time to time Dr. Oldham goes out from his island base off the China mainland to some other point in the Orient to deepen his understanding of the problems poorer lands discover as they try to squeeze prosperity out of science. As a Briton, he is free to enter places tabooed to Americans provided only that he personally is willing to accept full responsibility for whatever befalls him on such adventures. Last fall he ran that risk in popping into Communist China on a tourist visa obtained through a Canadian travel agency in Toronto. He stayed on the mainland for a month. He was in Nanking when Mao Tse-tung's physicists and chemists set off their first nuclear explosion.

After returning to Hong Kong and after sorting out his own impressions from impressions he had got from other visitors to the mainland and from the constant reading he had done in Hong Kong, he wrote this tantalizing message:

"The one new impression which I returned with, and what to me marks one of the greatest achievements of the Communist rule, is the extent to which science and the spirit of innovation have been brought to the people."

Dr. Oldham promised to expand this item. And his next message referred specifically to "the role of the peasant scientists" of whom "the most famous one is a man called Chen Yung-kang."

Could Dr. Oldham tell more about this Chen Yung-kang?

His reply was startling:

"The name Chen Yung-kang is probably as familiar to the peasants of the Lower Yangtse Region of China as that of John Glenn to Americans. I found that whenever I visited communes in the vicinity of Nanking, Soochow, or Shanghai, the mere mention of his name was enough to establish cordial relations and to lead to animated discussions.

"I first came across his name in reports [which Dr. Oldham read in Hong Kong] about the Science Symposium in Peking in August 1964—the first major international scientific conference held in China for many years. Delegates went from forty-four countries. But scientists from the developed countries of North America and Europe, and from Russia were deliberately excluded. From the fantastic coverage given the Symposium in the Chinese newspapers it was clear that the Chinese politicians meant to make as much capital out of the conference as possible. In fact it was very difficult to determine, when viewing it from Hong Kong, whether the Symposium was a genuine scientific conference or purely a propaganda device for the politicians. In fact it was both. One product of the conference was the establishment of a new organization of Afro-Asian-Latin American scientists, with headquarters in Peking.

"The sixty-one Chinese delegates to the Symposium included well-known scientists, several of whom have international reputations. It also included Chen Yung-kang, a man who had never had more than two years' schooling in his life. His inclusion did nothing to dispel the impression that the Symposium was largely political in motivation. But when I visited China two months after the Symposium, I learned that Chen Yung-kang represents a great deal more than first meets the eye.

"Chen Yung-kang was born fifty-eight years ago near Shanghai, the son of a tenant farmer. By the time he was thirteen years old he was tending the rice fields with his father. At an early age he began to experiment with ways of improving the rice yield. Over the years, by trial and error, he found ways to produce yields almost double the yields of his neighbors. But it is reported that before the revolution it did him little good—the landlord merely increased the rent to cover 80 per cent of the crop.

"Shortly after the Communist victory in 1949, Chen Yung-kang's success became generally known. He was made a 'model farmer.' He was invited to Peking, and there attained the ultimate reward for a peasant: an introduction to Mao Tse-tung. In 1954 he was elected a member of the National Peoples' Congress. In the same year he became director of an agricultural cooperative. He continued to experiment in the cooperative's experimental fields and in 1959 was invited to join the Kiangsu Branch of the Chinese Academy of Agricultural Science in Nanking, a research institute which has as its objective the solution of agricultural production problems in Kiangsu Province.

"I visited the Institute while I was in Nanking. It was staffed by 300 research scientists and 100 assistant research scientists. It appeared to be well equipped. It was tackling its various problems in a thoroughly scientific manner. I asked Wang Wen-tong, the director, how he reconciled what was clearly genuine scientific research with the employment of peasant scientists

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who had no proper training. From his reply and from what I was shown, I learned the following:

"At the Institute's headquarters in Nanking there is only one peasant scientist, Chen Yung-kang. Chen Yung-kang was invited to join in 1959 because his techniques were clearly producing good results. He was provided with a plot and asked to grow rice according to his technique. This technique was then given a thorough scientific analysis by a research team of professional scientists, including experts from the Peking College of Agriculture and from the Soil Science Research Institute of China's top scientific academy, the Academia Sinica. After the analysis, some modifications were made in the technique and it was named, slogan-like: 'Chen Yung-kang's Three Black and Three Yellow Method.'

"CHEN YUNG-KANG was then provided with a demonstration field near Soochow. He was given tremendous publicity. In 1963 alone, 90,000 peasants were taken to see him at work. I wondered how so many people could have been brought into one field in one year. When I visited Soochow I asked to see the field. It was outside the city limits and I needed a special travel permit, but this was granted. One morning we drove about fifteen miles into the countryside. Chen Yung-kang's field was alongside both a road and a canal, and observers rode past in trucks and boats.

"The significant thing about this whole operation was the astute way in which the peasant scientist was used. He was given all the publicity and credit. Other peasants learned that one of their own kind had innovated successfully. Not only would they be more likely to want to copy a technique suggested by a peasant rather than by a government scientist, but from his example they would be encouraged to innovate and experiment.

"But all this happened only after the professional scientists had analyzed and confirmed the integrity of the underlying science. For example, there were no peasant scientists at the Academia Sinica's Soil Science Research Institute, which I also visited in Nanking. The 300 research workers there were all university trained and were working with excellent facilities on the more fundamental problems associated with improvement of the fertility of alkaline and saline soils."

In addition to Nanking and Soochow, Dr. Oldham visited Shanghai, Hangchow, and Canton—a circuit he had frequently heard referred to in Hong Kong as "the tourist milk-run." In each place he found some variation of a pattern involving peasant scientists. On the elite research level these go-betweens had no competence and did not appear. In research institutes where the emphasis was more on applied science, as in the organization to which Chen Yung-kang belonged, there might be one key peasant intermediary, such as Chen Yung-kang himself. As the roots of the scientific organism neared the commune level, the number of participating peasant scientists multiplied.

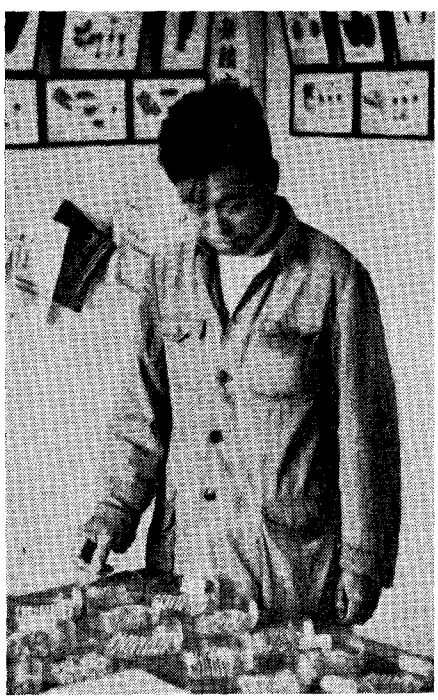
"I visited seven communes," Dr. Oldham recalled. "Every commune had its own experimental plots, and two had their own agricultural research institutes. Everywhere 'model workers' or 'veteran peasants' were pointed out as examples.

"IT would be easy to deride the technical level of these experiments and innovations, for it was not high, but to do so would be to overlook their real significance. The Chinese people are just emerging into the modern world after 300 years of relative stagnation. The Chinese Communist rulers know that to be a modern power the superstitions and intuitive outlook of most Chinese people must be replaced by science and rational thought. The commune director of the Marco Polo Bridge Commune near Peking put it very simply when he said, 'Fifteen years ago all the people in this area, including myself, had a feudalistic outlook. For example, we believed that it was the Dragon King who controlled the rain. Now we know that man can understand nature and sometimes control it.'

"According to complaints that one can read occasionally in the Chinese press, not all peasant scientists have been employed as sensibly and advantageously as Chen Yung-kang. In their efforts to glorify the 'wisdom of the peasant' the Chinese Communists have sometimes made mistakes. It is exceedingly difficult to estimate the extent to which the work of men like Chen Yung-kang has been used to advantage. As with everything else in China, it is impossible to generalize. What is shown and told to the foreign visitor during visits to communes, factories, schools, and universities is likely to represent the best that is available. Therefore any generalities in this report of mine refer only to what I was shown and told. They must be regarded as indicative of what China is striving for, rather than what has necessarily been achieved throughout the country. This is self-evident, but in considering a closed society such as China's, it is necessary to keep these limitations constantly in mind.

"During the past year I have visited many Asian countries, and in each discussed the problems of scientific development with the leading scientific administrators. The problem common to all was how to create a climate of opinion favorable to science—how to create a science consciousness in the minds of the people. Several leading Indian scientific administrators considered this to be the most crucial of the problems facing Indian development today. In the Philippines a special organization has been set up to help spread a science consciousness among the people. I met scientists vitally concerned with the same problem in Thailand, Malaysia, and Nepal. These countries have first-rate scientists and scientific laboratories, but science is not having the impact it should have on the development of the countries. One of the main reasons is the unscientific attitude of the people.

"If we accept these views, then China's approach to the problem of bringing about her scientific revolution is of great interest and significance."



—*Photo by C. H. G. Oldham.*

Peasant scientist with seedlings: Nanking.

THOUGH Dr. Oldham found science at the peasant and factory worker level more significant than anything else he saw on mainland China, he recognized that modern Chinese development also depends on growth of advanced science and technology. He reported at length on those two aspects of Communist life under the Mao regime in *Science*, journal of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, Vol. 147, No. 3659. *SR* readers are referred to *Science* (the issue is dated February 12, 1965) for information which plainly ought to be considered along with Dr. Oldham's report above in the making of American foreign policy *vis-à-vis* the Asian continent, its southeastern appendages and neighboring archipelagoes.

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor.

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WHAT DOGS TELL US ABOUT MAN'S FUTURE

*An Exclusive SR Preview of Results of a Twenty-Year Study: "Genetics and the Social Behavior of the Dog"**

By JOHN PAUL SCOTT and JOHN L. FULLER

WHEN dogs were first domesticated, some 8,000 to 10,000 years ago, they became a part of human society, and they have since undergone most of the cultural and environmental changes that have affected their masters. Dogs, however, have shorter lives than men, and they go through new generations at the approximate rate of one in every two years instead of man's one in twenty. We can roughly estimate that dogs have gone through some 4,000 generations since their domestication while man has gone through only 400. These facts suggest a hypothesis: The genetic consequences of civilized living should be intensified in the dog, and therefore the dog should give us some idea of the genetic future of mankind, always assuming that there are no radical new changes in the conditions of human living. In short, the dog may be a genetic pilot experiment for the human race.

Wolves and men had much in common even before domestication took place. Just as the lion in the Southern Hemisphere occupied the ecological position of the dominant carnivore preying on the herd mammals, so did the wolf, *Canis lupus,* in the Northern one. Once early men had invented the spear and the bow and arrow, they, too, could successfully attack and prey upon the large ungulates such as deer, mountain sheep, and bison. Stone Age hunting tribes soon found themselves in direct competition with wolves for similar prey.

Furthermore, both wolves and men are social species, showing a great deal of cooperation and mutually helpful behavior within their own groups. Finally, as an ecologically dominant animal, with no other competitors except man, the wolf shows some polymorphism, as humans do, in addition to the usual division of social animals into males, females, and young. Wild wolves show such considerable variation in form, color, and behavior that A. Murie could easily recognize each member of a wild wolf pack.

When an animal species moves unopposed into a new environment, there is an opportunity for very rapid genetic change, because each small group populates a large area with its own descendants, which in turn reflect the individual genetic peculiarities of their parents. At the same time, there is a rapid selection for those animals best adapted to the new areas. The whole process is called adaptive radiation and is the sort of thing which once happened to the whole class of mammals after the reptiles had been eliminated as possible rivals.

Adaptive radiation on a smaller scale seems to have taken place soon after the dog became domesticated. Within the various human societies, dogs found a whole new habitat. The dog, as one of the first domestic animals, was a remarkable social invention, both for protection and as an aid to hunting, and every tribe must have wanted to get hold of one. In this way dogs spread rapidly over the world, differentiating as they moved, and so produced the southern short-haired varieties like the dingo and, at the opposite extreme of their range, the northern Eskimo dogs, which are almost like wolves. A further multiplication of habitats was provided when the herd animals were domesticated. Now dogs were needed to protect these herds against their own close relatives, the wolves, which found the domestic beasts easy prey.

THE domestication of animals and plants produced still another major environmental change. Hunting was no longer a primary occupation but a sport and frequently a luxury of the rich. Under these circumstances dogs became specialized for the hunting of many different animals. Still another expansion of habitats occurred after the Industrial Revolution, with the use of dogs as pets and social companions for city dwellers. However, none of these later developments had the importance of the first major expansion into the new environment provided by human societies.

As S. Wright and other geneticists have pointed out, an ideal situation for rapid genetic change is one in which a population is divided into small subpopulations with contacts permitting occasional gene exchanges between them. When dogs were first domesticated, this was still the situation in the majority of human societies, which were divided into small semi-isolated tribes, still reflecting the conditions which had led to the very rapid biological evolution of modern man in the previous 50,000 years.

Divided among tribes, dogs were maintained in even smaller social groups than their masters, with only occasional opportunities for mixing with animals from adjacent tribes. Under these conditions we would expect rapid differentiation between subpopulations, and this was probably the foundation of the major breed differences. Historical records of American Indian tribes show that each one had its own particular breed of dog, perhaps not very different from that of the neighboring tribe but greatly different from those at long geographical distances. Under similar conditions in ancient Eurasia there originated the large war dogs of one tribe, the long-legged greyhounds used for hunting gazelles on the deserts, and the shepherd dogs used to guard domestic flocks.

The period of local isolation was succeeded by one in which new methods of transportation brought explorers and immigrants together from all over the world. Wherever the European explorers went, whether for trade, discovery, or war, they brought their own breeds of dogs, which readily interbred with the native varieties. Sometimes the native breeds disappeared, as they did in America and South Africa. Sometimes the Europeans brought new breeds back to their shores, as the crusaders brought the greyhounds back from the Middle East.

The idea of intensifying and preserving desirable characteristics in dogs

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through scientific breeding is hardly more than a century old, the first dog show having been held in Newcastle, England, in 1859. Before this time dogs were mainly produced and bred on the basis of results, no matter what their ancestors might be. In the latter part of the nineteenth century people began to appreciate the possibilities of artificial selection and began trying to keep dog populations completely separate in the modern pure breeds.

THE first three of the above periods—adaptive radiation, isolation, and panmixis—can also be found in the history of human populations, although extended over greater lengths of time. The modern human races, with lighter-skinned people concentrated toward the northern polar region and the darker ones toward the equator, probably represent the result of an ancient period of adaptive radiation. The period of isolation into small tribes was one which began to disappear with the dawn of civilization some 8,000 or 10,000 years ago. As people moved into cities, they began to live in larger populations, and these populations began to be continuous with and mix with adjacent ones. In modern times this process of panmixis is still accelerating, with people moving rapidly over continents and the entire world, leaving their descendants everywhere.

A period of scientific breeding of human populations is yet to come, but the beginnings are already being made. As we accumulate authentic information about the inheritance of genetic defects and other qualities, prospective parents are being given advice affecting their decisions to have children. Moreover, whether it is based on scientific information or not, the cultural habit of free choice in marriage leads to assortive mating. There is consequently a strong correlation between body size, appearance, and even intelligence tests between husbands and wives. What does the future have in store? One possible answer is given by the canine pilot experiment.

Diversity of form and behavior—Our first problem is to assess what has happened to the dog as a result of long membership in human society. The most obvious thing is an extraordinary diversity of form and behavior. We now have dwarf breeds which weigh less than four pounds at maturity, and giant breeds like the Great Danes and Saint Bernards which weigh at least as much as the largest northern wolves. There are all sorts of variations in hair structure and color. Density ranges from near absence in the Mexican hairless breed to heavy curls in the ever growing coats of poodles. Hair may be wiry or silky, curly or straight, and appear in almost any color of the visible spectrum with the exception of green. Ears can be erect or drooping and all gradations between. Tails can be short or long and vary from a sickle shape to a tight curl. Legs also can be short or long, and the skull can be deformed and shortened as in bulldogs, or long and narrow as in greyhounds. The only thing which remains relatively invariable is general body form. Aside from occasional obese individuals, all breeds retain the large chest and thin waist of their ancestors.

Such wide variability is also characteristic of human beings, among whom there is wide variation of skin and hair color, shape of facial features such as ears and nose, and, unlike dogs, in general body proportions. If human beings are more variable than dogs in some ways, they are less so in others. For example, a Great Dane may weigh forty times as much as a Chihuahua. Nothing like this extreme diversity is found in the human species, where the largest adults may be only four or five times heavier than the smallest, except for cases of giantism and dwarfism.

THIS genetic diversity of men, dogs, and other domestic animals contrasts greatly with what we see in most wild animals. It is almost impossible to tell one squirrel from another of the same species by outward appearance. In fact, this difficulty of telling individuals apart is one of the perpetual problems of studying animal sociology under natural conditions. We assume that uniformity is a result of natural selection; that mutations which produce white spotting, for example, make a squirrel so conspicuous that he is much more likely to be taken by a predator than are his standard-colored relatives.

In a species not subjected to intensive selection by predators, a greater variety of individuals can survive without difficulty. Furthermore, in a highly social animal many sorts of new variations will be protected by group action. In short, the condition of being a highly successful social species automatically results in a relaxation of natural selection, permitting a greater variety of individuals to exist.

We may wonder why the tendency toward diversity has gone to greater lengths in the dog than in man. There are two possible reasons. One is that the dog has had more genetic time, in terms of generations, to show the effects of relaxed natural selection. The other is, of course, that people have deliberately preserved and multiplied harmful canine mutations as objects of curiosity, in a way which has never been done with human mutants. We might then conclude that the dog is genetically weak compared to the ancestral wolf, and that we ought to attempt to restore the more uniform appearance and greater vigor characteristic of these ancestral animals. Is this conclusion really justified?

Modification of fertility—Compared with the wolf, dogs are generally more fertile than their wild ancestors. Wolves mature at two years of age and sometimes later, and the average litter size is four or five. This probably represents the number of animals which can be successfully reared to maturity under natural conditions, where food must be provided by hunting. Dogs of most breeds, on the other hand, become sexually mature before one year of age and have developed a twice-yearly breeding cycle instead of an annual one. This means that a pair of dogs has the potentiality of producing twice as many offspring as a pair of wolves. Medium-sized breeds usually produce litters about the same size as those of wolves, but the larger breeds exceed the production of wolves on the average. Against this, the dwarf breeds produce smaller average litters than do wolves. Also, while we have no statistics on this, there are probably more cases of complete infertility among dogs than among wolves.

However, we can say in general that domestication and becoming a part of human societies has not only extended the range of fertility in dogs but actually made dogs more fertile than their ancestors. Such high fertility would be a disadvantage under natural conditions because of the difficulty of raising the puppies, but in a human society where the puppies are partially raised by human beings, it is actually more efficient to rear a large litter than a small one, since the amount of work required is roughly the same.

Reduction of wildness—If a wolf puppy is taken from its parents before its eyes are open and is adopted into a human society, it will develop very much like a domestic dog. However, adoption becomes rapidly more difficult as the wolf cubs grow older, because of the quick development of fear reactions and fighting behavior. An older wolf cub bites in frantic fear when caught.

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Although B. E. Ginsburg's recent work has shown that even adult wild wolves can be socialized eventually, this is a long and delicate process. There has evidently been selection in dogs toward the extension of the critical period during which socialization is easy. There may also have been some reduction of alertness and wariness of strange sounds and movements, but this is doubtful, because one of the principal values of dogs is just this capacity—to alert the householder to possible dangers. In fact, a perennial problem in most breeds is the development of more timidity than the breeders consider desirable.

The specialization of behavior—In almost any behavioral characteristic there are breeds of dogs which surpass the capacities of wolves in either direction. The terrier breeds, as evidenced by their incapacity for living in large groups, are more aggressive than wolves, whereas the hound breeds like the beagles are far less aggressive. Greyhounds are faster runners than wolves, but many dogs are much slower, especially those from short-legged breeds such as the dachshund. Some breeds like the trail hounds appear to be better trackers than wolves, whereas others like the terriers appear to be poorer. The sheep dogs are better herders than wolves and, of course, many breeds are much poorer. The setters, pointers, spaniels, and other bird dogs appear to have much more interest in birds than do wolves, a special capacity useful only with human cooperation. Wolves themselves are poor bird hunters compared to foxes.

Although many breeds of dogs consistently exceed wolves in their capacities, none of them can be considered super-wolves. Their special capacities have been achieved at the price of sacrificing others. The greyhound has achieved speed by sacrificing the heavy muscles and jaws which enable a wolf to live on bones if need be. It is inconceivable that any particular domestic breed could compete with wolves under natural conditions, with the possible exception of the Eskimo dogs. Even these would be at a disadvantage because of their smaller teeth and jaws. In fact, dogs have successfully gone wild again only where there is an absence of such competition, as on the continent of Australia or around towns and cities.

None of the dog breeds are super-wolves. A wolf is a rugged and powerful animal adapted to life under a variety of adverse conditions. Consequently, no one of his behavioral capacities can be developed to a high degree. Compared with wolves, dogs are a group of specialists. But as they are coordinated and sheltered by human society they can perform their functions more efficiently than any group of wolves.

We can conclude that the development of all-around capacities to meet a variety of environmental conditions leads not to a superb development of these capacities but to a balance among them. An all-around development means great adaptability, but not superb performance.

This suggests that the idea that natural selection will produce a super-man or super-animal of any sort is an unobtainable myth. As far back as the Greeks, and possibly long before, people have dreamed of godlike or heroic figures who combined the physical strength of a gorilla with the intelligence of an Einstein, the musical gifts of a Beethoven with the beauty of a Greek god. From the historical and genetic evidence afforded by dogs, this appears to be an impossibility, and we are now beginning to realize why. On the other hand, a complex society can use all these superb qualities in the form of specialized individuals, so that the society as a whole has capacities far beyond those enjoyed by a uniformly developed group. The superman is not to be found as an individual but as a well-developed human society.

Almost as soon as Darwin put forward his theory of natural selection, scientists began to reason that if natural selection would cause the improvement of a species, then the relaxation of selection would automatically cause degeneration. The argument seemed plausible enough because, if unfit individuals were not eliminated, there ought to be more of them in the next generation, and if this process continued generation after generation, the result would eventually be genetic disaster. However, this idea first became current before the discovery of Mendelian genetics and long before we had any idea of the process of mutation. As we shall see below, the relaxation of natural selection does not necessarily lead to degeneration.

Once the mechanism of Mendelian heredity had been discovered, it was possible to mathematically calculate its effect upon future generations. All chromosomes exist in pairs, and there is an equal probability that one or the other of each pair will be passed along to an individual in the next generation. In an infinitely large population with no selection and no assortive mating, genes carried on these chromosomes will therefore be passed along in exactly the same proportion as that existing in the parent population. The Mendelian mechanism has the function of recombining these genes in all possible combinations without changing their frequency. This principle, known as the Hardy-Weinberg Law, may be briefly stated as that of "the constancy of gene frequency."

Therefore, there is nothing in the ordinary mechanism of inheritance to cause degeneration. If natural selection ceases to act upon a large population, the heredity present in the group at this time will be passed along without change from one generation to the next, from that time forward. The result is neither degeneration nor improvement, but stability.

The situation is slightly different in a small population. Here the accidental selection of one kind of parents may produce a shift in heredity from one generation to the next, but the change is as likely to be in the direction of improvement as toward degeneration. In a large population composed of a number of small subgroups, we would expect that some would be improved and some worsened, with the whole population remaining exactly as before.

Thus neither the relaxation of natural selection nor the operation of the Mendelian mechanism of heredity will lead to progressive genetic deterioration. The one remaining possibility of degeneration lies in the process of mutation.

The dog provides an extreme example of the unfavorable effects of mutation. Not only has selection been relaxed because dog owners protect and feed their pets from the kennel to the grave, but fanciers have practiced breeding systems which actually increase and multiply injurious mutations. In the first place, they have selected certain freakish traits, such as the bulldog head, which are definitely inferior to the natural conformation. Second, they have selected for neutral traits such as coat color without regard to viability and fertility. The best-looking show animal in a litter may accidentally be a poor breeder or subject to various sorts of sickness. Third, in recent times most dog breeders have deliberately followed a policy of outbreeding, trying various sorts of matings between nonrelated dogs in the hope of obtaining an unusual or desirable type. For practical purposes this is a good way to change or improve a breed. However, continuous outbreeding also takes away the

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natural method of reducing the number of injurious recessive genes, *i.e.*, through death or infertility of homozygous individuals. Under these breeding methods such recessive genes will not even be recognized unless they become so frequent in the population that carriers begin to mate with each other. According to the Hardy-Weinberg Law, there should be no spread of such mutations through the population, but the dog breeders have provided a method for just this spread. If a male becomes a great champion, everyone wants one of his puppies, and he may be bred to several hundred females. If he carries even one recessive gene, it will be spread throughout the whole breed in such numbers that it will be almost impossible to eliminate when his descendants eventually begin to be mated with each other and it is finally recognized as a serious problem.

In the pure breeds, the neonatal death rate averages about 15 per cent. In addition to these lethal effects, there is a widespread occurrence of crippling defects and deformities in purebred dogs. In our experiments we began with what were considered good breeding stocks, with a fair number of champions in their ancestry. When we bred these animals to their close relatives for even one or two generations, we uncovered serious defects in every breed. Our African basenjis showed a high frequency of undershot jaws in both sexes and of inguinal hernia in the males. Beagles showed an opposite defect—a reduction of the lower jaw. Until corrected by selection, wire-haired fox terriers produced many puppies with club feet. The Shetland sheep dogs produced individuals with hereditary obesity. All breeds showed a tendency to decline in fertility.

In addition, the cocker spaniels showed an outstanding defect which had apparently been established throughout the strain before we received it. This breed has been selected for a broad forehead with prominent eyes and a pronounced "stop," or angle between the nose and forehead. When we examined the brains of some of these animals during autopsy, we found that they showed a mild degree of hydrocephaly; that is, in selecting for skull shape, the breeders had accidentally selected for a brain defect in some individuals. Besides all this, in most of our strains only about 50 per cent of the females were capable of rearing normal, healthy litters, even under nearly ideal conditions.

Among other dog breeds, such defects are quite common. One which has recently received a great deal of attention is hip dysplasia, particularly in German shepherds, but also fairly commonly in other breeds. In this defect the hip joint is not properly developed, with the result that the animals become lame and crippled. In the German shepherd breed it is associated with the fact that the show breeders have preferred a sort of "downhill" carriage (associated with "angulation" of the hindlegs) in which the shoulders are higher than the hips. In selecting for this trait they may have unwittingly selected for lame dogs.

Another example is hereditary hemophilia, which has been discovered in English setters. Indeed, almost any important constitutional disease of human beings has its counterpart in dogs, which are consequently highly useful for medical study. All the evidence is in favor of the conclusion that injurious recessive mutations have accumulated in the dog and become extremely common. At the same time there is no indication that dogs are becoming extinct as a result of genetic deterioration. If anything, there are more dogs today than ever before.

THE hereditary composition of any wild species tends to reach a condition of balance, insofar as the various factors producing genetic change work against each other. For example, the increase of injurious recessive mutations reaches a state of balance with the death rate of homozygous ["true breeding"] individuals, and the frequency of appearance of homozygotes depends upon the degree of inbreeding in the population as well as on the mutation rate.

In the case of the domestic dog a similar balance seems to have been reached. One reason why dogs are not disappearing is that, although about 50 per cent of the females are unable to produce living young, reproduction by a fertile animal is approximately double that of the ancestral wolves. The canine reproductive rate far exceeds that for human beings, as a good bitch may easily produce fifty living offspring by the time she is six years old. This increased reproductive capacity more than compensates for the genetic loss of fertility.

In spite of the accumulation of recessive mutations, there is still selection against abnormal individuals. Extremely defective individuals, such as dogs with hereditary obesity, are often completely infertile. Those with minor defects such as undershot jaw are frequently not chosen for breeding stock, and dog breeders are becoming more and more aware of the necessity of selecting for good health and vitality as well as particular show points. In short, even in a highly protected species, natural selection is not completely inoperable, nor does artificial selection always work against it.

We could make another point in passing. A dog which is infertile or unsuitable for breeding may still make a highly satisfactory house pet or even occasionally be an outstandingly successful performer as a guide dog, hunter, or herder. In a social animal, or an animal such as the dog which is actually part of human society, reproductivity is not the sole criterion of usefulness.

We can conclude that the relaxation of natural selection in the dog has not produced a continuing process of degeneration but rather has set up a new condition of genetic balance which permits a wider degree of variation.

FROM the study of fruit flies and mice, geneticists have been able to calculate mutation rates. Some genes mutate fairly frequently and others almost never. The average rate seems to be about one mutation in a particular gene for every million individuals. Mutations can also be in the reverse direction; a new mutation will occasionally revert to the original. The average rate is presumably the same in either direction, and we can hypothesize that if a mutation had no effect on survival and was therefore not removed by natural selection, the process of mutation would go on until the reverse mutation rate balanced the original rate, which should be at the point where there would be equal numbers of the new mutation and the original gene.

This kind of mutation may be very common, but usually escapes notice because a mutation which has little effect on survival is, of course, one which has little effect of any kind. The mutations which we notice are those which produce large effects, and these are almost universally injurious. If such an injurious gene should occur in as high a ratio as in the hypothetical example above, in which 50 per cent of the genes in the population were of the mutant sort, there would be 25 per cent of defective individuals in every generation. If these defective individuals were as capable of reproduction as normal animals, the same high proportion of defectives would be maintained in future generations. The consequence would be a continuing heavy burden on the population.

However, all our evidence indicates that defective individuals, while they may occasionally be able to reproduce, are always selected against and fre-

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quently are completely infertile. If the whole 25 per cent of defective individuals in a population were incapable of reproduction in the next generation, one-half of the normal genes would have to mutate in each generation in order to maintain an equal ratio of mutant and nonmutant genes. This is a tremendously high mutation rate compared with one in a million or, indeed, with anything that has been produced artificially by radiation.

Many scientists are concerned with the genetic effects upon human populations of increased exposure to radiation, either in medical practice or through the use of atomic weapons, or even by exposure to radiation in outer space. According to J. F. Crow, any increase in the mutation rate over the natural one is a bad thing, as it will in the long run increase the number of seriously defective individuals in our population. To give some idea of what this increase might mean, N. E. Morton has calculated the effect of doubling the mutation rate for certain defects, until a condition of equilibrium is reached. The mutation rate can be doubled with the surprisingly low radiation dose of 25 roentgens per generation. When an irradiated population of one million people had reached stability, there would be an increase of at least sixty cases of limb-girdle muscular dystrophy (a disease in which the muscles waste away), 450 cases of deaf mutism, and 1,370 cases of low-grade mental deficiency—an increase of some 1,880 defective individuals in just these three categories.

An increased mutation rate would, of course, greatly increase the prenatal and postnatal death rates of human infants. We are still a great deal better off than purebred dogs. In 1960 the combined deaths at birth and up to one year of age were less than one in every twenty live births, while the corresponding figures in purebred dogs were about one in five. With increased mutation rates, we could expect the neonatal and infantile death rates to rise to a much higher level than at present.

WE have been thinking of the dog as being a pilot experiment for the genetic future of the human race. However, human heredity need not follow the same course, because we can at least avoid the mistake of special selection of defective individuals for parents. The example of the dog is somewhat hopeful, in spite of all the unfavorable changes that have taken place, because the species continues to flourish. By analogy, we may predict that human heredity will eventually come into a new condition of balance, depending on the nature of the forces for change.

With regard to fertility, one of our most important world problems is that of increased human fertility produced by superior nutrition and medical care. There is no indication that there has been any genetic increase in fertility, as in the dog. On the other hand, we know that at the present time about 10 per cent of marriages in the United States are confronted with the problem of sterility. We may expect that if mutation rates increase, the percentage of sterility will gradually rise and will in time reach a balance which would cancel out the increased survival rate. However, it might take centuries before such balance is actually achieved.

The changes produced by increased mutation rates must be slow, for even if natural selection is relaxed in any population, it is certainly not eliminated and may even be increased in some respects through the special stresses of civilized living. There is always selection against sterility. More than this, the improvement of the environment achieved by social and civilized living has made very little change in the prenatal environment. The usual estimates indicate that there is a prenatal mortality rate of approximately 20 per cent, that one out of five pregnancies never comes to term. The real rate may be even higher, since many embryos die so soon that their existence is ordinarily never detected. Figures for some of the domestic animals indicate a prenatal mortality rate of 30 to 40 per cent. Prenatal life is therefore the major screening ground for injurious mutations and one which is not likely to be seriously interfered with in the future. The prenatal death rate also indicates that there are actually a large number of injurious mutations already present in human populations (Morton estimates three to five per individual), and that there is strong selection against them.

To get the whole matter into perspective, the relaxation of selection chiefly affects postnatal life, after the most important part of selection has already taken place. Even in postnatal life, natural selection has not been eliminated. Parents who have a defective child do not recklessly have many more, being strongly deterred by the inevitable tragedy and expense. It used to be thought that we were selecting in favor of feebleminded individuals, and that morons would breed like rabbits. As S. C. Reed has shown, the actual figures indicate that while there may be a few exceptional feebleminded persons with many children, the average feebleminded individual has far fewer children than the rest of the population. Furthermore, the near relatives of such persons also have fewer children.

In short, we may conclude that the relaxation of natural selection in human societies has not set into motion a continuing process of degeneration but has rather set up a new condition of equilibrium which permits a wider degree of variation. In addition, we should remember that some of these variants may well have special abilities superior to the ideal of an all-around man, instead of being invariably below the average.

WE have already shown that selective breeding has not produced a super-wolf among dogs, and we might predict that if anyone should attempt to select a breed of men having all-around ability, health, and vigor, he would probably produce not a group of supermen, but a very average group of individuals with no exceptional qualities. In essence, such people might indeed be very similar to Stone Age men, but we have no indication that primitive men were anything other than extremely tough individuals who could survive under many conditions. By contrast, our present situation with its relaxation of selection permits the trying out of almost infinite numbers of gene combinations, and some modern individuals may well be superior in all-around abilities to the best that Stone Age man could offer. However, under our present circumstances of large populations and panmixis, these generally superior individuals are unlikely to produce a new race of men. If they appear, they will make a social rather than a genetic contribution to the future. Even in this respect, their social value is likely to be relatively small compared to that of individuals with markedly superior special talents.

Human society is thus basically polymorphic. As with other societies of mammals, we are biologically differentiated into three types: males, females, and young. A high degree of social organization encourages the development of a further diversity of individuals within these main classes. Even in a society of wolves, it is an advantage to have both extremely timid and extremely courageous animals. The timid animal may scent danger from afar and withdraw to warn the others, while the bold animal may press forward to investigate and obtain food for the pack when the danger proves to be small. In a human society a diversity of individuals is even more useful.

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PERSONALITY PORTRAIT—C

AN EXPERIMENT IN WOMANHOOD

Mrs. Mary Ingraham Bunting, AEC Commissioner

ON SATURDAY, March 21, 1964, the President of the United States telephoned Mary Ingraham Bunting and asked her to join the Atomic Energy Commission the following summer and remain with the AEC through June 1965 to complete the term of Robert E. Wilson, who had resigned. By the Thursday following that Saturday, Mrs. Bunting had arranged to take a year's leave of absence from the presidency of Radcliffe College, and had telephoned her acceptance of the AEC post to the White House. It was not an easy decision to make, she says. John, at fifteen the youngest of her four children and the only one still at home, would have to finish high school as a boarder. The experiments in biosynthesis through which she had been introducing freshmen and sophomores to research would have to be suspended. Someone else would have the joy of manipulating the ingredients and observing and recording the results of the other experiments she was conducting at Radcliffe: the Radcliffe Institute for Independent Study and the new dormitory system, with its closer faculty affiliations, its discussion groups, its budding traditions. However, she had been declaring publicly that American women would prepare themselves for responsible positions only when opportunities for responsibility became apparent to them; here was a chance to demonstrate that positions were becoming available, and, as a scientist, she could not refuse this challenge to test her own hypothesis.

Formulating hypotheses and testing them is an old habit of Mrs. Bunting. She has a talent for recognizing an unknown and for splintering her curiosity into questions so considered and so focused as to point to experiments from which conclusive answers will come.

As early as 1934, when she was still Polly Ingraham, Ph.D. candidate at the University of Wisconsin, she began asking questions that nobody else at the university had considered about the effects of radiation on bacteria. She chose the bacterium *Serratia marcescens* to experiment with. Its changes in several short-lived generations from red to speckled to white were easily observed under the microscope. Could these changes be induced by ultraviolet light, she asked herself. And unobtrusively (since "no one seemed to see any value in the experiments") she tried to find out.

Unfortunately, she lacked the knowledge and the techniques for these experiments to give meaningful results. Once she had her degree, however, and had begun her new job as biology instructor at Bennington College in 1936, she began investigating *Serratia* again. During that year, and the next when she was a newlywed physiology instructor at Goucher, and the next two as a research assistant in bacteriology at Yale, she did some of the basic research that she then knew was needed before she could study the effects of ultraviolet on the bacteria. She learned that when environmental conditions are controlled, specific color variations occur at regular rates. This regularity hinted that there was a mechanism behind so-called spontaneous mutation and suggested that if she introduced different factors into the environment of the bacteria or subtracted factors from it, she would discover variations from the pattern and would begin to understand the causes of color mutations. During the next years, with a pause from 1941 through 1947, when she stayed home with her children, she experimented with environmental influences on *Serratia*.

BY 1952, she felt she had learned enough to return to investigating the effects of ultraviolet on the bacteria—the study she had begun at the University of Wisconsin eighteen years previously. This time, using properly controlled conditions and known strains of *Serratia*, she soon learned not only that radiation does cause color mutations but that the frequency of mutation is very different in different strains of bacteria. Until last spring she had been investigating these differences with Harvard and Radcliffe students, though her administrative duties as president of Radcliffe left her little time for teaching or the laboratory.

But the presidency which she assumed in 1960 did not dampen her enthusiasm for asking questions. As soon as she moved to Cambridge, she began inquiring how Radcliffe could be improved to best serve the needs of the girls. And, unlike anyone else at the college in recent years, she asked this without presupposing any sort of limits—money, land, or tradition. She simply posed concrete problems, then sought solutions everywhere, especially from the students. She sent to the student government meetings an architect who asked the girls what they would want built if they could have anything—even a balloon over Harvard Square; she offered each dormitory committee a small sum of money to buy whatever they thought would most benefit the members of their house. Making these decisions took the students hours—hours which, of course, were spent in deciding what should be expected from the college experience and what atmosphere and facilities would help fulfil expectations. Out of these discussions have already come greater use of the dormitories for seminars and student-faculty interchange, reorganization of the student government into a community government where students and administration make decisions together, and plans to relocate the college library nearer the dorms in a multimillion-dollar structure for which ground has just been broken.

MRS. BUNTING'S ability to ask questions of importance has never gone unrecognized. She began her graduate work at the University of Wisconsin with a fellowship from Vassar, her alma mater, and completed the degree on another fellowship from Wisconsin. The American Tuberculosis Association and the U.S. Public Health Service have supported her investigations of *Serratia*, and from 1952 to 1955 her studies of the effects of radiation on her chosen bacterium were made with the aid of grants from the Atomic Energy Commission. Hospitals, school boards, and other local committees have elected and appointed her in most of the towns where she has lived. But it was many years before she herself realized how unusual her involvement is.

In 1956, after she had been dean of Douglass College for one year, she was appointed to the National Science Foundation's Committee for Scientific Personnel and Education. It was the time of Sputnik I, and the NSF was eager to cultivate talent to compete with the Russians. Confronted with statistics, Mrs. Bunting was shocked. Where was the female scientific personnel? The per-

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—AEC.

Mrs. Mary I. Bunting

centage of talented women who even entered college was puzzlingly small. (An Educational Testing Service survey of 1957s high school seniors showed that, of the top 10 per cent of the boys who took ETS aptitude tests, 75 per cent were enrolled in college the following fall; of the top 10 per cent of the girls, only 60 per cent went to college that year. And in 1963, Assistant Secretary of Labor Esther Peterson was able to report only seventy-five women astronomers, only 100 women meteorologists, 400 women geologists, 900 women physicists, and 12,000 women in the field of chemistry—out of 24,000,000 working women.) Where were female abilities being sidetracked?

Mrs. Bunting has always believed that every person needs some sort of focus, "a particular thing they're enthusiastic about and are willing to work very hard at." Her own family life had prevented her from realizing how few other women made this assumption. At the age of seventy-four, Mrs. Bunting's mother was a member of the "Look to the Future" committee of the New York City Board of Higher Education. At age fourteen, Mrs. Bunting's daughter Mary ran a riding school which supported four ponies on the family farm in Connecticut. Mrs. Bunting's husband Henry, who taught pathology at Yale Medical School, had shared his wife's scientific curiosity as well as her love of the outdoors and its furred and feathered residents, from the time she met him in a Wisconsin classroom till his death in 1954. "I just never went through all that conflict between home and job," Mrs. Bunting says, "and I guess that's why I was so surprised."

Recognition of her ignorance in this regard led Polly Bunting, as it always had in other matters, to new questions, which led to experiments. Why haven't women developed their talents, she began asking. Is it perhaps because no one expects them to? Is it because they themselves don't expect to find opportunities to use any professional skill or knowledge they might acquire? What would happen if top executive positions were open to women? What if money were made available for part-time graduate work? Would more women set their sights higher if they were convinced that marriage and family wouldn't bring five or ten years of complete disconnection from a chosen field?

In a thoroughgoing personal search for adequate answers, Mrs. Bunting instituted a program of part-time study at Douglass. Then, when she went to Radcliffe, she wooed thousands of dollars from foundations and individuals to launch the Radcliffe Institute. Its brochure tells that besides financing and directing research on the cultural and psychological factors that influence the place of women in contemporary life, the Institute offers fellowships and facilities to women "for whom the usual educational grants are not ordinarily available . . . those women who have chosen to suspend promising professional careers to devote themselves to family responsibilities and concerns . . . to enable such women to keep their talents vigorous and their training meaningful during periods of their lives when time for their own creative or scholarly work is essential but difficult to obtain. . . . The novelty of the Institute lies in the opportunity it offers such women to keep in contact with their professional fields through independent research or creative projects carried on concurrently with their domestic and community obligations." Of the twenty-three women who were chosen for its membership during the first two years of its operation, two had no children; the other twenty-one had a total of fifty children, none older than twenty, the majority under eight.

Though Radcliffe Institute is still considered an experiment to be watched, analyzed, questioned, and changed, by last June these twenty-three alumnae had already launched forty-one completed manuscripts, three one-man art shows, and several teaching careers.

HOWEVER, Mrs. Bunting believes that most of the talent of American women is still being wasted. In 1963, she told an International Management Congress that "The most critical decision as to the future of professional education for women will not be made by women, although some may try mightily, or by educational institutions, which have never had much influence on motivation, but by top management through employment practices and the encouragement and social recognition accorded to those women who are professionally prepared and whose progress is being carefully observed by the young."

Now that her own professional preparation and ability have been recognized by the top management of the most powerful nation on earth, how will other American women respond? The answer depends partly on how well it is possible to acquaint them with the details of her experiment as the first woman Atomic Energy Commissioner. Regardless of the sex of its occupant, the position is certainly one of tremendous responsibility. The AEC has an annual budget of approximately $3,000,000,000, money belonging to the American people. Has the presence of a woman on the board of managers during the last year made any difference in the management? One male member of the AEC, when asked this question off the record, replied: "Yes. The rest of us have to watch our language now." The merry eyes above Polly Bunting's make-up-free cheeks and broad, full lips, her easy, joking manner, her casual attention to fashions of the moment in clothes suggest that she would know just how to dispose of such a pre-suffrage remark. In talking to me, she indicated a much deeper meaning in her experience, which she promised an accounting of after her retirement from the AEC.

"PUBLIC understanding of the atomic age is still very superficial but the questions it poses to education and government are full of deep complexities," she said. Perhaps out of modesty, she avoided describing her own work on the commission (from other AEC sources it is known to entail guidance of an assistant and to include three half-day-long conferences with her fellow commissioners every week, personal visits to some of the AEC laboratories, and actual participation in research in her own field—the effects of radiation on heredity and growth) and instead spoke of her appointment as an "unusual educational opportunity" from which her contribution "will come later as I share new insights with other educators and the public."

However she may ultimately decide to go about disseminating the findings of her latest experiment in womanhood, it can be said now that the ingredients she put into it are worthy of any commissioner, male or female: humor, enthusiasm, directness, a sound knowledge of physics, a rare knowledge of the effects of radiation on living cells, and, most important, a talent for illuminating the question mark.

—ALICE P. COOPER.

As Miss Alice Pepper, Mrs. Cooper served as assistant to SR's science editor. She is now an editorial assistant at Dial Press. She attended Radcliffe during Mrs. Bunting's presidency.

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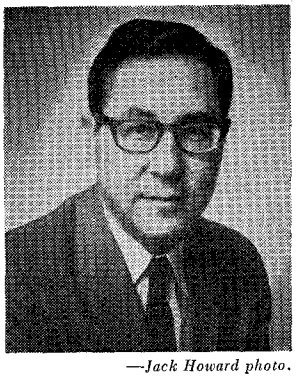
THE RESEARCH FRONTIER



—Jack Howard photo.

WHERE IS SCIENCE TAKING US? *On many roads simultaneously, all leading back to the mind. The central position of the mind, as an organ of responsibility, becomes more rather than less decisive as the divergent paths multiply. And this rising need for responsibility has in recent years been forcing re-examination of Sigmund Freud's theories of psychoanalysis. There is a growing feeling, first expressed in these pages in June 1959, that the Freudian approach tends to weaken normal responsibility. Since the theory of evolution necessarily entails a built-in responsibility of living organisms to cope with their environment, Freud would seem to be wrong.*

In SR/Research for December 1964 was published the gist of an alternate to the Freudian theory. "The Theory of Positive Disintegration," it had been developed for fifteen years in Poland by Dr. Kazimierz Dabrowski. The American Midwest's

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CONVENTIONAL psychotherapy, based either strictly or loosely upon the psychoanalytic beliefs and teachings of Sigmund Freud, is taught in almost every major college and university in the United States and Canada. Whether it is practiced in an orthodox, Freudian setting in a Park Avenue psychoanalyst's office or in a loosely structured college counseling service, it embodies the following:

1. Conventional psychiatry believes firmly that mental illness exists, that people who suffer from it can be meaningfully classified, and that attempts should be made to treat them according to the diagnostic classification.

2. Conventional psychiatry holds that an essential part of treatment is probing into the patient's past life—searching for the psychological roots of his problem because once the patient clearly understands these roots he can use his understanding to change his attitude toward life. From this change in attitude he can then develop more effective patterns of living which will solve his psychological difficulties.

3. Conventional psychiatry maintains that the patient must transfer to the therapist attitudes he held or still holds toward important people in his past life, people around whom his problems started. Using this concept, called transference, the therapist relives the patient's past difficulties with the patient and then explains to the patient how the patient is repeating the same inadequate behavior with the therapist. The patient, through the therapist's interpretations of the transference behavior, gains insight into his past. His newly attained insight allows him to give up his old attitudes and to learn to relate to people in a better way, solving his problems.

4. Conventional psychotherapy, even in superficial counseling, emphasizes that if the patient is to change he must gain understanding and insight into his unconscious mind. Unconscious mental conflicts are considered more important than conscious problems; making the patient aware of them through the interpretation of transference, dreams, and free associations, and through educated psychiatric guessing, is necessary if therapy is to succeed.

5. Necessarily accompanying the conviction that mental illness exists, conventional psychiatry scrupulously avoids the problem of morality; that is, whether the patient's behavior is right or wrong. Deviant behavior is considered a product of the mental illness, and the patient should not be held morally responsible because he is considered helpless to do anything about it. Once the illness is cured through the procedures described in Points 2, 3, and 4, the patient will then be able to behave according to the rules of society.

6. Teaching people to behave better is not considered an important part of therapy in conventional psychiatry, which holds the patients will learn better behavior themselves once they understand both the historical and unconscious sources of their problems.

Reality Therapy in both theory and practice challenges the validity of each of these basic beliefs.

Before examining each concept individually, one over-all difference between Reality Therapy and conventional psychiatry must be emphasized. This is the difference between the involvement necessary for Reality Therapy and the involvement necessary for conventional therapy. The conventional therapist is taught to remain as impersonal and objective as possible and not to become involved with the patient as a separate and important person in the patient's life. Rather, he is to strive for the transference relationship briefly described under Point 3 above. In Reality Therapy achieving the proper involvement is absolutely essential. The way Reality Therapy differs from conventional therapy on each of the six points to be discussed may be considered briefly from the standpoint of involvement.

1. Because we do not accept the concept of mental illness, the patient cannot become involved with us as a mentally ill person who has no responsibility for his behavior.

2. Working in the present and toward the future, we do not get involved with the patient's history because we can neither change what happened to him nor accept the fact that he is limited by his past.

3. We relate to patients as ourselves, not as transference figures.

4. We do not look for unconscious conflicts or the reasons for them. A patient cannot become involved with us by excusing his behavior on the basis of unconscious motivations.

5. We emphasize the morality of behavior. We face the issue of right and wrong which we believe solidifies the involvement, in contrast to conventional psychiatrists who do not make the distinction between right and wrong, feeling it would be detrimental to attaining the transference relationship they seek.

6. We teach patients better ways to fulfil their needs. The proper involvement will not be maintained unless the patient is helped to find more satisfactory patterns of behavior. Conventional therapists do not feel that teaching better behavior is a part of therapy.

With the over-all difference of involvement in mind, let us now examine in detail the six major beliefs of conventional psychiatry and compare them to the theory and practice of Reality Therapy.

First, and very important from a treatment standpoint, both the theory and practice of Reality Therapy are incompatible with the prevalent, widely accepted concept of mental illness. We believe that this concept, the belief that people

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"Reality Therapy"

Dr. Karl Menninger has written to remind us that support for Dabrowski's idea can be found in Dr. Menninger's recent book, "The Vital Balance."

If the Freudian treatment of emotional crisis is wrong, what treatment is right? A book offering a vigorous answer to that question will be published by Harper & Row just after this issue of SR goes to press. Written by Dr. William Glasser, a privately practicing psychiatrist in California who teaches psychiatric method to school teachers at the University of California in Los Angeles, this volume is titled "Reality Therapy." Below is an exclusive SR preview.

can and do suffer from some specific, diagnosable, treatable mental illness, analogous to a specific, diagnosable, treatable physical illness, is inaccurate and that this inaccuracy is a major road block to proper psychiatric treatment. Our scientific and lay literature are both filled with the idea that anyone who behaves and thinks in a way unacceptable to the majority of the society is mentally ill or, in popular terms, "sick." Every conventional psychiatric approach to the treatment of these people is based upon the belief that they are suffering from mental illness, a concept as prevalent to our culture as the flatness of the earth was to the Middle Ages.

Those who believe in mental illness assume incorrectly that something definite is wrong with the patient which causes him to be the way he is. Most psychiatrists believe that the patient was all right at one time and then fell victim to a series of unhappy life experiences which now cause his deviant behavior. When these experiences are exposed and resolved through conventional psychotherapy, the mentally ill person will recover in much the same way that the physically ill person recovers from a strep throat when the penicillin kills the streptococcus. We believe this concept misleads the doctor, the patient, and those concerned with him into the false belief that the doctor's job is to treat some definite condition, after which the patient will get well.

If there is a medical analogy which applies to psychiatric problems, it is not illness but weakness. While illness can be cured by removing the causative agent, weakness can be cured only by strengthening the existing body to cope with the stress of the world, large or small as this stress may be.

By dispensing with the idea of mental illness and calling a man irresponsible, and then describing how he is irresponsible, Reality Therapy defines the situation much more precisely. Using the latter description, it is apparent that the cause of the psychiatric patient's condition is different from that of a patient with a physical illness, who is more truly the victim of forces outside himself. Regardless of past circumstances, the psychiatric patient must develop the strength to take the responsibility to fulfil his needs satisfactorily. Treatment, therefore, is not to give him understanding of past misfortunes which caused his "illness," but to help him to function in a better way now.

Philosophically, as well as practically, from the patient's standpoint there is a world of difference between being cured of an illness and helping oneself. With typhoid fever, one may be as motivated as possible and still die unless some capable physician gives the proper medical treatment. A car-stealing juvenile delinquent, however, treated by a psychiatrist for years on the basis of mental illness, will not change as long as he is allowed to play the misunderstood or mistreated child who doesn't understand all that has happened to him. He and all other irresponsible people now wrongly labeled "mentally ill" must clearly understand that they must help themselves regardless of what has happened to them in the past (and we should be the last to deny that they have suffered). As long as the mental illness concept prevails and patients continue to see themselves as the recipients of help, we will make little progress in psychiatry. With the hazy conception that most patients and their families have of mental illness, the responsibility for change lies less with them than with the treating agency—be it doctor, social worker, correctional institution, or hospital.

PSYCHIATRISTS discovered long ago that as much as they would like to follow the medical parallel and cure the patient of his brain disease, they were unable to do so because no brain pathology existed. Instead of giving up the illness concept, psychiatrists seized on the discovery of unconscious conflicts as the cause of mental illness. It was the conflicts which caused patients to be the way they are, mentally ill. Patients are led on long, expensive trips back through their childhood, often discovering that mother was the cause of it all. Once the patient is helped to wrest his childhood resentments against mother from his unconscious mind, cure is theoretically in sight.

For example, an obese young woman who has a compulsive overeating problem may find out through psychotherapy that her mother wanted a more beautiful daughter. Because obesity in a young woman is never desirable, she overeats in order to avoid facing the truth that her mother would reject her even if she were slim. She can accept the mother's rejection because she is indeed fat and unattractive, perhaps so much so that her mother and others may have given her sympathy, if not acceptance. In traditional therapy, being accepted as mentally ill and having learned why, the patient will attempt to throw herself upon the therapist. Learning from him that the source of the problem is past and present unresolved conflict with her mother, she continues to eat, her appetite undiminished by this knowledge. This not uncommon situation, where the unchanging fat and miserable patient damns her mother for years in psychotherapy has discredited psychiatry in the minds of many people. Under these too familiar circumstances, where the mental illness is accepted and the cause is sought and discovered to be outside herself (in this case her mother's rejection), the patient is relieved of the necessary responsibility for her part in the therapy. The fat girl's only chance of being helped is to learn that she is irresponsible, not that she is mentally ill, and that her unattractiveness is important primarily to her. Her mother is only an excuse for her irresponsibility.

Necessarily closely related to eliminating the concept of mental illness is the somewhat more radical idea of dispensing with any major inquiry into the patient's past history, ordinarily considered as essential to psychiatry as the scalpel is to the surgeon. The most complete history possible, perhaps a sound motion picture of the patient's whole life plus a tape recording of every unconscious thought, would be no more helpful in treating a patient than a short description of his present problem.

In Reality Therapy we emphasize immediate behavior. Once we become involved with a patient and teach him new ways of behavior his attitude will change regardless of whether or not he understands his old ways. What starts the process is *an initial change in behavior*, and it is toward this that the therapist must work.

Conventional psychiatrists, led by Freud, have also learned that insight derived from the past is not by itself an effective instrument for change. They have, therefore, developed another concept through which they implement the insight gained through a study of the past. This concept, called *transference*, is an attempt to tie the insight more closely to the

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present and hopefully make it more useful to the patient.

Although a conventional psychiatrist tries to stay personally uninvolved with the patient during therapy, he certainly does not avoid involvement completely. Instead of a single, intense, personal involvement of doctor with patient, he attempts to gain a series of involvements such as mother to patient, father to patient, brother to patient, teacher to patient, and employer to patient. He does so, according to Reality Therapy, in the mistaken belief that the patient must re-experience in therapy his attitudes toward the important people in his life, past and present. Using transference, the conventional psychiatrist does not tell the patient that he is afraid to assert himself because his father treated him harshly. Instead, he goes halfway toward becoming personally involved with the patient by saying, "You are treating me as if I were your father and blaming your failure to assert yourself upon me." Ironically, the patient is indeed blaming his failure to assert himself upon the psychiatrist, but not because the psychiatrist is like his father. It is because of the difficulty of becoming involved with a therapist who, instead of establishing a close personal relationship with the patient in his own capacity, sometimes plays the role of someone else and sometimes acts as himself.

CLOSELY allied to transference is the concept of the unconscious. Conventional psychiatry contends that the unconscious motivation is highly important and that for successful therapy the patient must become aware of previously unconscious reasons for the way he behaves. Certainly patients, like everyone else, have reasons of which they may be unaware for behaving the way they do. Talking in one's sleep, slips of the tongue, phobias, and compulsions are examples of behavior obviously based upon unconscious mental processes. But patients have been treated with conventional psychiatry until they know the unconscious reason for every move they make, but they still do not change because knowing the reason does not lead to fulfilling needs.

What is really below the level of consciousness is what the patient is doing now. In a sense the patient is aware of his present behavior, but it is only a meager awareness. Incorrectly assuming that the patient is fully conscious of his present behavior, the conventional therapist *misses the extent to which the patient lacks awareness of what he is doing now.* The Reality Therapist insists that the patient face his present behavior.

A further important difference between Reality Therapy and conventional psychiatry concerns the place of morality or, to be more specific, the place of right and wrong in the process of therapy. Conventional psychiatry does not directly concern itself with the issue of right and wrong. Rather, it contends that once the patient is able to resolve his conflicts and get over his mental illness, he will be able to behave correctly. We have found that this view is unrealistic. All society is based on morality, and if the important people in the patient's life, especially his therapist, do not discuss whether his behavior is right or wrong, reality cannot be brought home to him. It is unrealistic to ask a delinquent girl why she stole a car, why she is pregnant, why she smokes marijuana, hoping that once she discovers the reasons she will be able to resolve her conflicts and change her behavior. We believe that to stop her unsatisfactory behavior she must fulfil her needs, but that to fulfil her needs she must face the real world around her that includes standards of behavior.

Admittedly, the introduction of morality into psychotherapy may draw criticism from many sources. Some people argue that a great strength of conventional psychiatry is that it does not involve itself with this age-old question. It would be easier for us if we could avoid the issue also, but we cannot. People come to therapy suffering because they behave in ways that do not fulfil their needs, and they ask if their behavior is wrong. Our job is to face this question, confront them with their total behavior, and *get them to judge* the quality of what they are doing. We have found that unless they judge their own behavior, they will not change. We do not claim that we have discovered the key to universal right or that we are experts in ethics. We do believe, however, that to the best of our ability as responsible human beings, we must help our patients arrive at some decision concerning the moral quality of their behavior. To do so, we have found that for the purpose of therapy the following definition seems to be extremely useful:

When a man acts in such a way that he gives and receives love, and feels worthwhile to himself and others, his behavior is right or moral.

(Whether our definition could stand the test of scholarly debate with the great moral philosophers of the world is questionable, but at least it has provided us with some framework upon which to focus our therapy discussions.)

WHEN a person is able to fulfil his need to feel worthwhile to himself and others, there is little conflict over whether his behavior is right, but in many instances the needs are in conflict and it is much more difficult to arrive at the correct course of behavior. For example, when a chief of state gives up his position or a potential chief of state reduces his chances for election because of love, who is really to say that he did right or wrong? Both Edward VIII of England and, more recently, Governor Nelson Rockefeller of New York faced a problem in which there is no absolutely responsible course. In a famous historical example, Socrates chose death rather than life with diminished self-respect, even though he had the assurance of love from friends who urged his escape. A more common situation is one in which a man, discovering his son to be guilty of a crime, is torn between reporting his child or losing his own self-respect.

It is possible to think of hundreds of these moral dilemmas, but it must be made clear that responsible people who are caught in a serious conflict of needs rarely consult a psychiatrist. They recognize that it is up to them to decide.

However, the psychiatrist does see hundreds of patients who have some conflict between their needs and would like to use this as an excuse for irresponsible behavior. For example, a man who is unhappily married gives lip service to continuing the marriage for the sake of his children, but he begins to drink heavily and neglect his work. His income falls off, his family suffers, and his self-respect disappears.

No outsider could solve the problem of such a patient's marriage. The patient must do that alone. But the psychiatrist who helps him to face the cause of his behavior, curtail his drinking, and resume his adult responsibility toward the support of his family can make a real contribution to this man's development. Reality Therapy does not try to lessen the pain of irresponsible actions, but to increase the patient's strength so that he can bear the necessary pain of a full life as well as enjoy the rewards of a deeply responsible existence.

The final major difference between Reality Therapy and conventional therapy is our emphasis upon the therapist's role as a teacher. In conventional therapy teaching is limited to helping the patient gain insight into the causes of his behavior. From then on it is assumed that he will either learn better ways himself or from someone else. In Reality Therapy we spend much time painstakingly examining the patient's daily activity and suggesting better ways for him to behave. We answer the many questions that patients ask and suggest ways to solve problems and approach people. Patients who have not been able to fulfil their needs must learn both how to approach people so that they can become more involved and how to accomplish enough so that they can gain an increased feeling of self-worth. Once involvement is gained and reality is faced, therapy becomes a special kind of education, a learning to live more effectively, that is better and more quickly achieved if the therapist accepts the role of teacher.

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Narcotics

Continued from page 25

Addict in the Street, a remarkably illuminating collection of tape-recorded interviews with some thirteen young New York City addicts. Gathered between 1957 and '64 by Ralph Teffer-teller, assistant director of the Henry Street Settlement, they have been carefully and intelligently edited by Jeremy Larner, an able journalist who has also provided an introduction. The book has in addition a preface by Helen Hall, director of the Settlement.

Mr. Larner reveals how narcotic addiction affords escape from the boredom, confusion, and frustration of underprivileged life for urban youth:

> Addiction is a sort of cop-out. Without heroin there will be pain and uncertainty, the empty anonymity of people at the bottom. But as nearly every subject in this book explains: *when you are high on heroin, you don't feel a thing; nothing bothers you.* . . .
>
> Drug addicts stick together because they need each other to recreate the games of hide-and-seek, cops-and-robbers they enjoyed as children, when they first learned to act in groups of male cohorts. Addicts search for money together, wait for the pusher together, take off together, go to jail together, and—like other playmates—spend endless hours talking about their adventures. Prison, for the addict, is a place where he can exchange information and anecdotage with a large range of lodge-brothers—find out who has what kind of stuff where, learn the latest twist in lifting, pilfering, mugging, boosting and burglary. It is an exciting life, a dangerous life. . . . Addiction is a poor boy's university. One addict calls it "the Wild West," and "the New Frontier."

So far as I am aware, there is nothing in previously published literature on the subject that so vividly and factually describes the mental reactions, social patterns, and pathological behavior of youthful addicts. Nothing surpasses, if indeed equals, this collection of interviews for providing insight into the addiction problem in its most serious and challenging manifestation today. From the book it appears that even the removal of narcotic cases from the realm of criminality and applying to them our best medical knowledge will not solve the problem of underprivileged urban youth.

If the latter can no longer get the excitement they crave through the complicated game of addiction they are likely to turn to juvenile gang warfare or other more serious forms of deviant behavior. Addiction is only one avenue of escape. What is needed are broad social reforms which will provide an urban living pattern that does not invite violence or rebellion.

The narcotics mess is as appalling today as Prohibition was in the early 1930s, but the situation with respect to change is quite different. There is no effective lobby of a multi-million-dollar industry, as in the case of liquor, to battle against illegal drugs. Yet legalizing drugs would wipe out the drug racket overnight. A few large drugstores or public health centers could supply at a relatively trivial cost all the heroin needed for an even larger body of addicts than now exists. The bureaucratic self-interest of the repressive régime finds common ground here with the narcotics racketeers in wishing to continue the present system.

The medical world, after enunciating a sane professional approach to the narcotics problem, refuses to unite and protect doctors when individual practitioners seek to apply the tenets of the American Medical Association program, even though crucial court rulings have given doctors at least a limited right to do so. Few doctors wish to face the prospect of expensive trials and damaging publicity to demonstrate their legal rights and express their professional convictions.

Buried under an avalanche of misleading information and sensational propaganda, the public is abysmally ignorant regarding the realities of the narcotics problem. However, while the facts about the situation are the indispensable basis of all needed reforms, any scholar or journalist who has dared to set them forth has placed himself in personal and professional jeopardy; as the experience of so restrained and distinguished a scholar as Professor Lindesmith provides ample evidence. A rational solution of the narcotics problem is likely to be long delayed. The extensive circulation of his book and *The Addict in the Street* would constitute a strong push in the right direction.

FRAZER YOUNG'S
LITERARY CRYPT No. 1126

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1126 will be found in the next issue.

VKM DOMGNGPVMNV ZRPFCV-

CRP RL OCLM CN CP CPZRTPCVR.

ZRUOMA

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1125

Clever liars give details, but the cleverest don't. —ANONYMOUS.

Letters to the Editor

Continued from page 21

characterizes most fables, and such a sharply defined duality is the essence of most folk philosophy.

The thousands of Berkeley students who continued their regular activities; the student editorials denouncing the tactics of the demonstrators; the student petitions supporting administrative actions; the influence of the faculty senate, which provided a forum for widely varied faculty opinions; interaction between the local Berkeley administration and the university-wide administration; these and many other untidy elements of the kaleidoscopic reality appear to have been discarded by N.C. for the sake of black-and-white allegorical impact.

The two stylized antagonists are then described by N.C. as motivated by primal vengeance. "The students violated a school regulation. . . . The authorities acted to punish the violators." The fact that the authorities acted originally not to punish, but to restrict certain prohibited student activities, then in an effort at compromise to modify those restrictions, and only as a last resort, and for quite different reasons, punitively—all this is apparently neglected as too complex for the basic lesson in human conduct which N.C. is illustrating.

His simplistic account continues, "Then ensued a grim escalation of force on both sides. . . ." To mention the many hours of meetings among administrators, faculty, and students attempting to formulate compromises, heal wounds, and avoid further use of force would seemingly confuse his Aesopian story.

In a violent denouncement, N.C. has the administration of the university "bringing in the police and putting large numbers of students in jail." It is a matter of public record that the Governor, not the university administration, was responsible for the involvement of off-campus police.

To illustrate the "flailing" inadequacy of his inimical administration, N.C. describes the student actions as "shenanigans" which could easily be dealt with through the application of a little elementary student psychology. In his next paragraph, however, he glorifies the student protagonist by exclaiming that "American students have erupted into action . . . not all of [which] is tidy or proportionate."

The elemental characters which people N.C.'s parable misrepresent both by omission and commission the many reasonable and conscientious participants who worked ceaselessly to minimize the trauma of these events. N.C. "wonders what would have happened if the administration had tried to isolate the subsurface factors in moving toward a constructive result." Such factors were, indeed, recognized by the administration, and it is frightening speculation to consider what would have happened had the efforts toward a constructive result been less successful than they were.

The "impersonality of modern higher education" and "atmosphere of disconnection and even dehumanization" which N.C. implies were not comprehended have been a deep and constant concern to the administration for a long time. The design of new

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campuses of the University of California around small academic sub-units; financial support of faculty groups to develop more personalized approaches to education; revision of student housing to emphasize social unity; consideration of experimental small colleges on the large campuses for closer student-faculty contact, all represent sincere attempts by the administration to seek solutions to the impersonality of higher education.

It is to be hoped that the readers of N.C.'s editorial will not be misled into conceiving of the University of California as a chivalrous and benighted student body repressed by an administrative golem.

Only one simple observation can be made about the Berkeley events which is true; that is that no simple observation is true. N.C.'s editorial is excellent proof.

CLARK KERR,
President,
University of California.

Berkeley, Calif.

Churchill the Man

THE ARTICLE by J. H. Plumb, "The Literary Churchill" [*SR*, Feb. 6], is a masterpiece not only of insight and human understanding, but also of choice literary expression. Amidst the hundreds of columns carried by the press, nearly all of it in familiar terms of conventional eulogy, and therefore unreadably dull, this article stands out as revealing the truly human Churchill, with his superb gifts and his essential limitations. This article gives us the realities, and for this it is treasurable and memorable.

BENJAMIN H. KIZER.

Spokane, Wash.

N.C.'s TRIBUTE to Winston Churchill [*SR*, Feb. 6] may be the most eloquent piece that has ever appeared over his initials. One masterful phrase follows another, and they sting and inspire.

MIKE FERGUSON.

Houston, Texas

YOUR TRIBUTE to Churchill as a man who had the courage to do the impossible and who could instill that courage in others captured the spirit that permeated his accomplishments.

ROBERTA WITTNER.

Cicero, Ill.

Varieties of Genius

MAY SWENSON'S statement that ". . . the experience of poetry is animated with the insatiable curiosity of science" [*SR*, Jan. 30] seems to me demonstrably false. Many great poets (*e.g.*, Pindar, Dante, and Milton) were credulous and conventional, totally devoid of the skeptical, inquiring spirit of scientists like Archimedes, Vesalius, and Newton. Could anyone with the faintest spark of scientific curiosity have written *Paradise Lost* a half-century after Galileo . . . ?

C. W. GRIFFIN, JR.

New York, N.Y.

Public Opinion and the U.N.

WHEN I READ N.C.'s article entitled "Can the U.N. Be Saved?" [*SR*, Feb. 13] I found myself agreeing with everything he had to say, until I read the last paragraph. True, the issue of nonpayment is only a symptom of the real ailment of the U.N., namely, its lack of responsible authority over its members. I agree that what is called for is a total re-examination and reworking of the U.N. charter. . . .

I cannot, however, agree with N.C.'s statement that the American people will have to call for such a review. Public opinion develops very slowly on a national scale, barring some great catastrophe. Too few people in the United States recognize the importance of the U.N. Even fewer fully understand the operations of the U.N., or are even aware of the present threat to the U.N.'s existence. We are a republic, and have delegated powers to our elected leaders. To require that a spectacular nationwide demand develop before our leaders act is grossly unfair. If Congress and the President wait for mass public opinion to form behind them before calling for a review of the U.N., there may be little of the U.N. left to save.

DENNIS SIES.

St. Louis, Mo.

History

By Howard Moss

IT TAKES more lies than anyone can tell,
Babbling lies a lifetime, to tell how all
History is lies, the mythic apple
A rotted fruit from Eve to William Tell—
Those two arch overtures. Great Hannibal,
Who put the Roman armies in his till,
Drank poison from a ring. Ecclesiastical
Charlemagne, inspired by an angel,
Thought his world was permanent. It was, until . . .

Long after the Armada turned to Pearl,
Middle-class Victoria in night shift woke
To save the Empire, that little girl.
And there were days when Cleopatra, ill,
Said "Dump diplomacy into the Nile.
Caesar I'm sick of, and Mark you well,
I do not think the sea swell will prevail
For me to tag along beside his sail."
So saying with her asp she gasped farewell.

Farewell, Napoleon, enisled at last,
Who plunged all Europe into his blood bath,
A half-pint Corsican, engorged by war.
Thus, too, did General Grant assay the South.
Ashes, he thought, it comes to in the end.
And Hadrian, the biggest swell of all,
Whose villa all for love now lies in ruins,
No longer cares where Asia's borders are.
"Antinous," he said, "Fare well. Farewell."

Said one, entrenched, "This war is one long sell.
What world is this in which I live to kill?
Is that sound Roland's horn at Roncesvalles
I hear . . .?" They stopped the question with a shell.
A Chinese emperor reared back in pain
To see his blood not jade upon the snow.
Meanwhile, in Spain, the Inquisition reigned,
And carnage was general in Mexico.

So stood they in the marsh or tramped the sea,
With salt-burned eyes or flesh that cracked in oil;
Bodies before the gate jerked up and fell;
In No Man's Land, the corpses lay pell mell.
"Power is what I wanted till I got it,"
One cried. "My kingdom is in bloody rout!"
"The God is here," slim Montezuma said;
Into Tenochtitlan he led Cortez,
Whose world was permanent. Until it was.

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A. Fling about indiscriminately and continuously (2 wds.).	129 12 31 134 91 84 15 5 50 9
B. Gives a special delight when we hear (something; teen-ager's vocabulary; 2 wds.).	40 30 185 51 6 152 125
C. What, acc'g to the proverb, is enough.	169 160 69 95 36 156
D. One of the three forces of nature "Old Ironsides" was sarcastically consigned to by O. W. Holmes.	111 149 122 105 48 35 161 70 102
E. Where the rifleman sees his target (3 wds.).	183 43 98 163 17 143 34 117 108 37 59
F. Hospitality (2 wds.).	19 16 128 28 114 109 146 162 79
G. Slid down rapidly.	20 145 1 151 45 184 57 137 118 112
H. Consequences, esp. if disastrous.	179 172 83 72 153 56 54 75 97
I. Brief respite (2 wds.).	177 38 62 33 155 74 141 73 85 47 52
J. Pompous or imposing to hear (comp.).	14 77 25 144 60 167 178 58 93 136 66 71

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
K. One place where the gospel singer invites people to come to church.	135 65 180 165 104 89 67 148
L. One who thinks and speaks in mild, inoffensive terms, even for disagreeable things.	175 21 166 131 124 150 39 82 88
M. Shallow, enclosed places for cooking, even after the fires have gone out (2 wds.).	119 110 55 130 99 10 86 164 23 139
N. An essential; anything sorely needed.	11 157 96 87 44 107 100 113 142
O. Creatures who were "endorsed with towers" in *Paradise Regained*.	182 123 2 63 174 49 101 13 94
P. One status symbol of the boss (2 wds.).	103 168 8 158 7 147 61 53 26 132 76
Q. Given to laying down the law in an imperious, overbearing fashion.	29 27 3 126 159 18 171 92 46 42 68
R. Disputatious.	121 127 138 176 41 115 154 133 24 80 32 78 64
S. Lake specially beloved by Wordsworth (2 wds.).	106 116 181 170 81 140 90 4 173 120 22

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

						1 G	2 O	3 Q	4 S	5 A	6 B	7 P		8 P		9 A	10 M	
	11 N	12 A	13 O			14 J	15 A	16 F	17 E		18 Q	19 F		20 G	21 L	22 S	23 M	
	24 R	25 J	26 P	27 Q	28 F			29 Q	30 B	31 A	32 R	33 I	34 E	35 D	36 C		37 E	
38 I	39 L	40 B		41 R	42 Q	43 E	44 N			45 G	46 Q	47 I	48 D		49 O	50 A	51 B	
	52 I	53 P	54 H	55 M		56 H	57 G	58 J	59 E			60 J	61 P	62 I	63 O	64 R		
65 K		66 J	67 K		68 Q	69 C	70 D	71 J	72 H	73 I			74 I	75 H	76 P	77 J	78 R	
79 F		80 R	81 S		82 L	83 H	84 A	85 I	86 M	87 N			88 L	89 K	90 S	91 A	92 Q	
93 J		94 O	95 C	96 N	97 H		98 E	99 M	100 N	101 O	102 D	103 P		104 K	105 D	106 S		
	107 N	108 E	109 F	110 M	111 D	112 G		113 N	114 F	115 R			116 S	117 E	118 G	119 M		
120 S	121 R	122 D	123 O	124 L			125 B	126 Q	127 R	128 F	129 A	130 M	131 L		132 P	133 R	134 A	
	135 K	136 J	137 G	138 R	139 M		140 S	141 I	142 N		143 E	144 J	145 G	146 F	147 P	148 K		
	149 D		150 L	151 G	152 B	153 H	154 R		155 I	156 C	157 N		158 P	159 Q	160 C	161 D		
162 F	163 E	164 M	165 K		166 L	167 J	168 P	169 C	170 S		171 Q	172 H		173 S	174 O	175 L		
	176 R	177 I	178 J	179 H	180 K		181 S	182 O	183 E	184 G	185 B							

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 13 of this issue.

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